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THE BAROUCHE DRIVER

AND

HIS WIFE:

A TALE FOR HAUT TON.

Containing a Curious Biography of Living Characters, with Notes Explanatory.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

By CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.

Author of "The Infidel Mother," "The Mask of Fashion," &c. &c. &c.

THE THIRD EDITION.

Neither the constitution, nor the passions, are the first seducers of youth——

But opinions and manners. J. J ROUSSEAU.

LONDON:

Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick Street, Soho,

FOR J. F. HUGHES, WIGMORE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1807.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE THE

EARL AND COUNTESS

OF JERSEY.

MY LORD,

As these volumes are intended to satirize the frivolities, profusion, and licentiousness, too prevalent in the higher circles

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of fashion; and as example is the most impressive remonstrance; I am desirous to hold up, to the imitation of the TITLED WANDERER, *a rare pattern of elevated rank, ornamented by unobtrusive worth and correctly polished manners.*

To you, my Lord, and to your amiable Countess, do I, therefore, dedicate this work.

I have the honour to be,
with unfeigned respect,
MY LORD,
your Lordship's most obedient
and most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Brighton Cliffs, July 19th, 1807.

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PREFACE.

IN the present age, when morality is the language of the lip, and licentiousness the devotion of the heart—Authors, in obedience to all prevailing fashion, aim to sacrifice at either shrine.

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A writer of celebrity will, therefore, *with all becoming modesty*, announce, in his preface, that he would rather be considered DULL than IMMORAL; while the whole spirit of his work is, in reality, composed for the free indulgence of the prevailing *gusto*:—and the mixture is swallowed with delight.

But how shall I, a mere Ephe-

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mera among scribblers—unprotected and unknown—aim at the meed of public approbation?

I do not profess the art of giving Protean qualities to living characters—I do not employ a sign post painter to furnish me with the portrait of a Duchess—or select a female, distinguished through life for

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all the milder virtues of her sex —with grace, wit, beauty, peculiarly her own—as the theme of unlicensed ribaldry.

I do not embody gross vices with venial trespasses: nor have I forgotten, that domestic apathies will alienate the warm affections of a heart teeming with sensibility.

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A Cynic might, indeed, snarl with triumph, at these vile distortions—so congenial with his tenets — but the *enlightened Moralist* would hold up the bright side of an illustrious example to posterity, and veil its foibles with the shade of pity.

I have not trembled with awe, while taking notes from the *bribed* porter of a great man's

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hall; nor, hobbed and nobbed with a powdered lacquey, as I drew from his volubility the *arcana* of a crouded rout: nor have I mistaken the flippancy of a fashionable vagabond, for the real passport to polished society.

I have not, *morally*, introduced a dark walk at a masquerade—nor consulted fairy tales to supply its scenery.

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I have not *ridiculed* the pageantry of a BIRTH-DAY, by launching a new PUNCH'S COACH.

I have not *harlequinised* a timid country girl, through the liveried avenues of a Duke's Palace, into a drawing room of company, to ask the explanation of a card of address.

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Nor have I, like a *miracle-monger*, conveyed a person from the *Antipodes*, to turn the lock of a library door, at the *exact* moment his corroborating testimony was wanting.

In short—I have not *outraged* nature—that I might become the fashion; nor killed characters—TO BE ADMIRED FOR MY MORALITY.

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Existing Folly is *my* object:—Satire is my weapon—and Example is my shield: let the stricken deer—go weep.....

"FAS EST AB HOSTE DOCERI."

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DELICATE FACTS;

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AN APOLOGUE.

The Trial of PLEASURE *before Judge* PHILOSOPHY.

THE Trial was opened, and *Pleasure* brought to the Bar. *Repentance* appeared to prosecute her.

The Judge *Philosophy*, with eye severe, observed her; beneath him sat with folded arm *Sullen Melancholy*. *Reflec-*

* Pleasure being the business of our lives, and the subject of these volumes, I have endeavoured to give it an allegorical definition.

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tion, with wrinkled forehead and close contracted brow, opened the indictment, and *Squint-eyed Care* with *Dark Distrust* were appointed to examine the Witnesses.

The *Senses* were first called in to give their testimony against her; but it was objected by the prisoner's Counsel, *Desire*, *Fancy*, and *Hope*, that they could not be witnesses, since they were sure either to gain or lose by the Trial.

The *Senses* declared, for themselves, that they were not proper to speak to

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it, since they were but subordinate to the Will, and served only as Messengers to convey the Ideas to the *Mind;* that they were no more than passengers in a ship, while the Will stood at the helm.

The Will was called in, who swore that he was always ruled by the *Senses;* that they had run him into numberless inconveniences; and, not contented with that, they had cruelly chained him like a slave to a whimsical tyrant called *Fashion,* who used him very barbarously; on which, an order was immediately

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issued to attach him, and to bring *Fashion* into Court: in the mean time, they proceeded with the trial of *Pleasure.*

The first evidence that was called, was a young fellow with a pallid, sickly countenance; his small legs scarcely could support him to crawl into court; he was often obliged to stop for want of breath; and in a thin, squeaking voice, he deposed the following evidence.

That, to his knowledge; the prisoner was the greatest jilt in nature; he had

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thrown away a very large estate, and spoiled a good constitution, in following her; that she had continually given him hopes of enjoyment, but always deceived him; that his first acquaintance with her was at college, where he met with her in the shape of a beautiful nymph, and was so struck with her, that he immediately forsook his studies to follow her; he set up his equipage to honor her; ran after her from assembly to assembly, from horse-race to horse-race; followed her to the hazard table; pursued her among women of the town; searched every tavern for

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her, but still he had missed meeting her.

At the tavern, indeed, he had sometimes a glimpse of her; but then he began drinking so young, that he was seldom in a capacity to enjoy her, being always either dull or drunk; when sober he was most commonly sick, and when fuddled, always for fighting; so upon the whole, he told the Court—swearing by his Maker—she was an impudent jilt, and had bilked him.

The next witness was a Lady, a fine

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delicately moulded female; she slid gracefully into court, with her hoop held high before her, and immediately ran up to embrace the prisoner; but was prevented by the prime Serjeant *Reflection*, who asked her if she knew the criminal; upon which, with a full stare and lips wide open, she burst into the prettiest laugh, fell from thence into the most innocent confusion, sweetly excused herself in a very becoming lisp, and with a slow courtesy, sunk negligently down on the bench between the prisoner's counsel, *Fancy* and *Hope*.

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She was again interrogated about her knowledge of the prisoner; she told the Court, the Lady at the bar was her intimate friend, that they had been brought up from their childhood together; and, truly, that the judge was a *fright*, and the rest of the bench a parcel of *queer* creatures, not to let so fine a Lady sit down among them.

Then turning to the prisoner, she invited her to her *rout*, and told her what charming company would be there; as for instance, *Miss Rant—Madam Racquet—Widow Hurricane*—and the

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Duchess of Helter-Skelter: then she hastily got up, hummed an opera tune, and with a round-about sweep, whisked away to her chair in an instant.

The next evidence was an old man; though stricken in years, his countenance had not yet lost all the marks of florid health; in his face the bloom of manhood seemed to contend with the winter of age.

He gave his evidence as follows:— Behold, most grave judge, one of the unhappiest among mankind; I have all

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my life been searching after Pleasure, fooled by that Lady the prisoner, till at last I am involved in an irremediable series of misery.

In my juvenile days, I had often read of the prisoner *Pleasure;* I was charmed with her *character;* I longed to be acquainted with her; I thought of nothing but her; I fell in love with her; and, like other lovers, turned poet to please her. I courted the sciences for her sake: but in poetry, I flattered myself I should soonest find her; therefore I immediately became fond of making verses:

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but, alas! where I expected Pleasure, I met with Pain. I was blamed as an idler, condemned as a plagiary, or punished by the ignorant and envious with derision. I next applied myself to traffic, I crossed the seas for gain, I increased my fortune but not my pleasure.

Tempests, robbers, breaches in trade, disappointments, damped all my hopes of enjoying her; I then recollected I had gained enough; I resolved to rest myself, and was in hopes to find her when at my ease.

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Again I was mistaken; while at rest, I was uneasy; I grew discontented with having nothing to do; I then resolved to exercise my mind, and I began to examine the laws of Nature.

I studied them; I inquired into primary causes; but, alas! all I attained was an insatiable desire to know more than could be known, and a certain sorrowful reflection that all I did know was insignificant.

I then turned Builder; I planned a house, I laid out my gardens, I amused

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myself among the Artists, and then thought I was arrived at true Pleasure: but it was still to seek; the Workmen's delays displeased me; they fell out among themselves; I was distracted to decide their quarrels: at length they finished the house, and I invited my friends, I treated my neighbours, I settled fortunes on my children, and then, once more, thought of being happy. Still I am deceived; my friends I find are flatterers, my neighbours are envious of my riches, my children wish for my death to possess them; and, after all my toils, I am at last as far from

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finding Pleasure as the first day I sat out after her.

The Judge then asked the Prisoner what defence she could make?—She called her witnesses, *Beauty* and *Love:* on their appearance, the whole Court was most sensibly affected; *Melancholy* raised his head, *Reflection* smoothed his brow, *Care* looked pleased, and *Philosophy* gave a sigh; when *Prudence,* who had all this while stood concealed, stept forth, and ordered the officers of the Court, *Fear* and *Distrust,* to seize the two Witnesses, *Beauty* and

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Love, for she had an Indictment against them for perjury: she therefore objected against their testimony, and insisted on *Pleasure's* making a defence without their help.

Pleasure immediately entered on her defence.

Let mankind use me as I deserve, and I shall never be tried as a criminal, but rewarded as a friend.

They call upon me to help them; yet I no sooner come to their assistance, than

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they bind me captive to their tempers, and never give me rest.

With the youth who appeared against me, I never was acquainted; had he stuck to his studies, he might have found me; but he mistook another for me, whom he followed; she is drest like me; her name is *Folly;* it was to her and not to me, that he owes all his misfortunes.

A Lady has deposed that I attended her from her infancy: it is false; she had a waiting maid to attended her,

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who used my name; but her true title was *Self-love.*

The last and heaviest charge against me is the old man's; but he is an *Hypocrite:* I would have attended him always as his wife, but he chose to use me like a kept mistress, proud of shewing the world he possessed me; I despised him for his ostentation; I left him, to be more severely dealt with; and I——

But why (raising her voice) should I plead among such cold, such spiritless

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Judges: come to my rescue, my friends, assist me, my Allies!

Immediately the *Passions* came turbulently into court, drove *Melancholy* away, and gagged *Repentance; Philosophy* hid himself under the table; they trampled upon *Reflection*, released *Pleasure*, and made *Prudence* prisoner to be tried in her place.

Beauty and *Love* were to sit as Judges; but her trial, and what the messenger found, who went to look for *Fashion*, must be deferred to another opportunity.

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THE BAROUCHE DRIVER

AND

HIS WIFE.

Le temps, qui change tout, change aussi nos humeurs ;
Chaque age à ses plaisirs, son esprit, et ses mœurs.

Anon.

"THE arrows of wit, though winged by raillery, may be so pointed by good temper, that they are rather calculated to amuse than to wound."

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There is more, certainly, of theory than practice in this aphorism: wit is a dangerous weapon, and may be compared with the chariot of the sun, which, entrusted to the unskilful guidance of the presumptuous Phaëton, nearly set the world on fire.

Most of those who aspire to the possession of wit, would rather lose a friend than an epigram; but we had exceptions to this position in two great men lately deceased, Lord North and the Honorable Charles James Fox; and we still boast an exception in the zeal-

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ous friend of the latter, Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Whatever the political dissentions of the two former gentlemen, they strongly assimilated to each other in their social virtues and their splendid talents; and I do not know how I can better describe both, than by adapting the language ascribed to Mr. Fox, when speaking of his Lordship:

"He said, he was the most accomplished wit he had ever known; and in domestic life, in the circle of his

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friends and followers collected round his table, he displayed all the candour without the grossness of Walpole. He appeared as if he never felt an insult, so immediately did he forgive it. His face was very plain, his features coarse, but his smile was heavenly. You could not see him without becoming attached to him. He left all his cares in the House of Commons, and was no longer a minister than while on the Treasury bench."

On the latter, I do not attempt so high a strain of panegyric; but I am

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impelled by candour to state, that he possesses the happy secret so to harmonize the most brilliant flashes of sarcastic wit, that an irresistible pleasantry honeys the wound, ere raillery has removed its dart.

" With discretion for his tutor, he suits the action to the word, the word to the action; under this especial observance, that he ne'er outsteps the modesty of Nature."

Such is Sheridan!—who, in spite

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of Nature, has been equally formidable in the Senate and in my lady's closet, armed at all points, and physically prepared for each encounter.

Wit, thus marshalled, possesses infinitely more seductive power, than all the graces so imposingly pourtrayed by the late Lord Chesterfield: but in that nobleman these talismans were associated, and their magic was decisive.

All the social virtues mingled with his nature; his manners were pleasingly

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attractive, his smile conciliating, his temper mild, his wit ready and felicitous, his person elegant.

The Earl, however, was singularly gifted.

In searching historical records, or in perusing fabulous narratives, we find that every personage of peculiar wit and humor is described as being remarkable for personal defects.

All the prominent characters in Rabelais are eminently ugly. The heroes of

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Cervantes form a group, so provokingly ridiculous, that they are not only the agents of wit in themselves, but the promoters of it in others.

Hudibras and his man Ralpho, the facetious Falstaff, and the ruddy Bardolph, are monuments of wit, so conciliating in its nature, that all personal imperfections vanish in the merry flashes of its attic humour.

Scarron, the celebrated French wit, was one of the ugliest fellows in existence; and yet he became the husband

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of one of the loveliest and most accomplished women of the day, afterwards so renowned as Madame de Maintenon.

Indeed the wit of this man was electric; it communicated its fluidity to Madame Scarron; and from her, its brilliant sparks were conveyed to Lewis XIV. unaided by her beauty: the King became enamoured of a letter she had written, and professed himself her slave before he saw her person.

Our modern Bardolph, certainly *not rich* in personal endowments, once

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reigned in the heart of the young and beautiful Perdita. Nay! when the widowed father of a *hopeful* son *verging towards* maturity;* when the bloom of youth had yielded to the blossoms of intemperance, did he not win the hand and heart of his present lovely and accomplished wife?

Pope, who in person resembled an S, was the favored friend of his Stella. Yorick, who was shapeless as a hop-pole, warmed the bosom of Eliza with *platonic* tenderness; and Peter Pindar, at the age of seventy, *bent* with infirmity,

* i. e. *years of discretion!*

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has lately captivated the gay, lively, and youthful Mrs. Knight.

These are immortals of the old school: and though there still exist many voluble pretenders, few are the lawful progeny of Wit.

In modern circles, it is ranked among the *chastities* exploded by hautton; and the approving smile of an all accomplished female Fashionable is only tributary to an elegantly ornamented tale of scandal, a delicious hoax, or a

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wicked equivoque; while the ne plus ultra of finished education with the men, is a reputation for pugilism, a knowledge in horse-flesh, and a diploma for driving.

In obedience to these ordinances from the college of fashion, a young man of rank, instead of eating his terms at Oxford or at Cambridge, eats raw meat in London to give him wind for a sparring match: instead of Greek orations, he composes notes on Moorcroft's farriery: and instead of professing the

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abord of a gentleman, he practises the scientific square and kiddy twist of an hackney coachman!

The wit of John Bull is still of another temperament. Low cunning, and malicious merriment are the gods of his idolatry.

Selling bargains, smutty jests, or mimickry of another's misfortunes, constitute the wit, humor, and excellence which an Englishman is most solicitous to shine in.

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Having pointed out the accomplishments of the age in the *indispensable* pretensions to haut-ton, I beg leave to introduce my hero.

" And *will* I learn to box?—and *will* I keep a stud?—and *will* I drive four in hand?" ..... exclaimed the enraptured Edward, starting from his desk, and dancing about the room frensied with joy.

The mother of Edward Ormsby had married the man of her heart in oppo-

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sition to parental authority. Her happiness was of short duration. The first year made her a parent; the second a widow.

One thousand pounds, the bequest of her god-mother, was the whole amount of her fortune. Her father continued inexorable to her entreaties: he denounced curses on her head, and that of her innocent child. The gentle Eliza had offended beyond forgiveness. —She had married an Irishman!

There cannot, I think, be a more

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interesting spectacle, in nature, than suffering beauty weeping over her lovely but ill-fated offspring.

Let us etch the scene.

In the shady recesses of a romantic wood stood the isolated cottage of the lovely widow. A group of elms and chestnuts obscured the straw built roof; and the rose bush, mingling with the jessamine and honeysuckle, latticed the small diamond-cut casements; a narrow meandering path led to an open unfrequented eminence commanding a view

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of the beautiful Lake of Killarney ; and the rushings of a distant cascade were the familiar sounds that broke upon the privacy of the Recluse.

Her parlour was small, and tastefully adorned with sketches of the romantic scenery around. Edward, just breeched, was seated at a small work table building houses with a pack of cards. His anxious mother bent tenderly over the enraptured boy. Sorrow had given a fragility to her naturally delicate form ; her features were softened by an habitual paleness, now and then flushed with

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a momentary glow of pleasure, as she helped the little trifler to renew his labors: a slow and languid movement dimmed her once brilliant eyes, that swam in liquid clearness, expressing the mild qualities of her mind. An elderly domestic, the nurse of Edward, and the sharer of their poverty, stood in the back ground, contemplating the objects before her, and raising her prayers to Heaven to guard and to protect her angel mistress and her darling boy.

This little recess, which in the whole only boasted of four rooms, had been

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built by Mr. Ormsby immediately after his marriage, and was his favorite retreat: it was the only wealth he had to leave; but it was infinitely dear to his widow, who, on the interest of her thousand pounds, devoted herself in this beloved spot to the memory of her husband, and the culture of her second Edward's mind.

Scarcely, however, had he attained his fifth year, when it was the will of Providence to deprive him of his remaining parent. His maternal grand-

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father obstinately inhuman, persisted in renouncing him; but his paternal uncle put him at a proper age to a public school, and destined him for the law; a profession to which his father had promised to do much honor, his debut in Westminster Hall having been most flattering to his reputation, as a logician and an orator.

He was on his first circuit, when accident introduced him to Eliza Dalton at an assize-ball. They saw, they loved: she was not seventeen; himself only two-and-twenty.

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This was the age of romance! They felt no difficulties to oppose their passion; each yielded to the delusive impulse; and the empire of love imperiously claimed the vassalage of either heart, before their proposed marriage explained the host of impediments that stood between them and happiness.

The counsellor had no fortune. He began the world with a handsome person, a well stored mind, and unsullied integrity: the cankerworm of care had never visited his manly cheek, and his spirits were the effect of ease, content-

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ment, and hilarity. His countenance was open, expressive, and flushed with health, animation, and candor; he saw the road of preferment open before him, and adopted this motto:

Quisquis suæ fortunæ faber.

The natural sensibilities of Eliza were little calculated to war with such a competitor.

The delicacy of her form was an assurance of her mind, and when a smile wantoned o'er sa petite bouche de

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rose—it was soft, thrilling, and enchanting: an unknown grace pervaded her whole person, insinuating as it was impressive.

When the heart is swelled to a certain pitch of tender feeling, one added particle of sympathy poured into the vein of joy, causes it to overflow.

Reason was lost in the stream; they eloped, and were privately married!

Immediately after the ceremony, the trembling Eliza, supported by her Ed-

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ward, sought the presence of her father. She humbled herself at his feet; but he inhumanly spurned her with his foot.

Her husband raised her with tenderness from the ground; clasped her affectionately to his fond heart; and then turning with offended dignity and manly pride towards her unnatural father, he swore that she should never enter those doors again while he had breath.

With this inauspicious marriage the views of Mr. Ormsby were wholly

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changed. He resolved to give his wife to his own family, and to push his fortune at the Irish bar.

But alas! how visionary are all mortal arrangements without the concurring hand of Providence. An early grave closed all his fairy prospects—a gradual decline removed the gentle mourner of his fate from worldly sorrow to a state of bliss!

In her last moments, she bequeathed her Edward to her father; embraced him with a seraphic smile; then reposing

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from the fatigue of the exertion on her pillow, said she would sleep a little, but awoke no more!

The elder brother of our hero's father lived on the paternal estate, which yielded him an income of about eighteen hundred per annum. He was a man little acquainted with the great world, although he had been brought up at college with his brother. The sports of the country were more congenial to his nature: he loved hard drinking, and he loved hospitality: his mind was stored with humanities; but the suavi-

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ter in modo never accompanied his benevolence. He had frequently offered his purse to his amiable sister-in-law; but never failed to accompany it with a lesson on the imprudence of her marriage. When, however, he was made acquainted with her death, he gave an unaffected sigh to her memory, and adopted his orphan nephew.

Had Edward been educated under the superintendance of his mother, his disposition might have been moulded to all the social virtues; but left to the guidance of an hireling tutor, who

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knew little of the sensibilities of the heart, and whose ideas of moral rectitude were confined to the negative virtue of doing no harm—our hero was suffered to grow up in the free indulgence of his natural propensities.

Vanity is an essential qualification to youth. It goads a boy on to excellence; and although it may discover itself in certain touches of the coxcomb as he advances to manhood, it is not without its better attributes, when kept within bounds by the gentle admonitions of discretion.

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Edward's vanity, however, was wildly exuberant; his courage made him respected, and his gaiety made him admired; but he was impatient in his temper, quick in his resolves, fickle in his nature.

He looked with horror on the drudgery to which he was doomed by his uncle, and panted to mount the gay cockade: he considered his finely formed person as the assured harbinger of conquest, and sighed for celebrity among the fair. He eagerly took lessons from his more affluent companions

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as to the essentials of a fine gentleman: it was, therefore, natural in him, when he found himself the unexpected heir to his grandfather's large fortune, to exclaim:

"And *will* I learn to box?.... and "*will* I keep a stud?.... and *will* I drive "four in hand?"

He tore his indentures; damned all attorneys and their shops; took a hasty leave of his uncle; and with a fair wind reached Holyhead.

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"First and second turn there—" echo'd through the inn yard, and in a few minutes our hero was rattling along the London Road as hard as four posters could gallop.

It was the month of December, and our hero having taken a sandwich at Barnet, his heart big with expectation, and his imagination bewildered by fancy, leaped into the carriage which he ordered to fly to Blakely's hotel in —— Street.

The postillions had just arrested their

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speed to descend Highgate Hill; the snow lightly covered the ground as it fell in gentle showers from the Heavens; the evening was growing dark:—and the fantastic reveries of our traveller had long been undisturbed by the noise of passing wheels, when suddenly he was aroused from his corner; where—with folded arms and drooping head he sat communing with himself—by the piercing shrieks of female voices.

"Now, for the honor of St. Patrick," murmured Edward, seizing a pistol in

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each hand, and springing from the carriage.

He had not run many paces before he beheld a coach and four halted on the hill. A ruffian held the bridle of the leaders while his companions ransacked the carriage.

The advanced robber fired as our hero approached, and missed.

" By my soul, and this is no time for ceremony," cried Edward, and his

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more successful weapon brought down his man.

The two villains who were employed in robbing the carriage, fled at the report of fire arms, and left our hero master of the field.

He found four females in the carriage; whom he afterwards knew as Mrs. Grunter, the two Miss Grunters, and their Abigail.

With the removal of danger, the

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fears of the ladies were dissipated; and the only inconvenience they had suffered was from momentary terror. They loaded their deliverer with repeated thanks for his heroic protection; and on his requesting to escort them to town, they readily consented to make room for him in their coach.

It was necessary, however, to take some steps for conveying the wounded highwayman in safety up to Town; and Edward returned to his chaise for the purpose of securing him in the bottom; but the bird was flown.

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His blood was discernable among the snow on the spot where he had fallen, and traceable across the road; but as the better part of valour is discretion, and the ladies were safe, Edward, for once in his life, thought it prudent to make the best of their way to Town, lest the party might return on understanding the weakness of the enemy, and effectually wreak their vengeance on his party.

Between six and seven they reached an elegant house in the immediate neighbourhood of Portland Place, when

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Edward took leave of his charge, and retired to his own chaise, which had followed, having previously accepted an engagement to dinner on the following day.

The whole evening—indeed the whole night—our hero's head was filled with his adventure. He was in love with all three of the ladies, who had vied with each other in appearing to him as agreeable as they could in the dark; but as he assisted them to alight, the Grecian lamp in the entrance hall had reflected on the beauties of the young-

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est lady, who appeared to him about sixteen, and he predicted that he should be violently in love with her.

Love, gentle reader, is part of an Irishman's creed; inasmuch, that he considers himself bound to make love to every pretty woman he sees, although it often means no more than the indispensability of custom, which directs a Frenchman, courteously, to offer his box to those with whom he may be in company.

The airy lightness with which Maria

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glided through the hall—the graceful tournure of her person—the momentary expressive smile with which she kissed her hand at parting—were so many charms written in his memory, that he began to feel as if he could not help it.

On the following morning, Edward awoke with a heigh-ho—still thinking of the preceding evening, and repeating to himself every word Maria had addressed to him; but the more he thought of her, the more he thought of making himself *amiable*.

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Mr. Blakely was summoned to the breakfast table—

"Is it me your honor would be pleased to want?"—said the obliging landlord, entering with a low bow.

"Indeed and it is, Mr. Blakely"—was the expressive reply.

Mr. Blakely bowed again.

"I am a stranger and your countryman, Mr. Blakely; I would be liberal; but hate imposition. Pray recom-

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mend to me tradesmen of fashion, on whom I can rely."

"Yes, and I shall, sir;".....retiring with a kind of self-sufficient smile, that, like the inclination of Yorick's Grisette's head, was meant to say,

M'en croyez vous capable, Monsieur?

But who is Mr. Blakely that his reputation should be so well known in Dublin?

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Reader, thereby hangs a tale. Many are the roads to notoriety; attend—

Some few years since, when the late ever to be lamented Duke of B——d, in a frolic introduced the fashion of cropping, a Mr. Blakely was preferred to the honor of combing his Grace's hair. This distinction soon gave him fashion; and all the haut ton, desirous of becoming crops, applied to Mr. Blakely to give the fashionable cut.

At length, his business so increased, that it was then considered as great

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a favor to prevail on Mr. Blakely to attend at a nobleman's house, as it would now be to procure the enviable distinction of Madame Catalani's company at a private concert.

" There is a tide in the affairs of men,
" Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
" Omitted, all the voyage of their lives
" Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

Mr. Blakely had launched his bark into this stream, and arrogated a consequence proportioned to his increasing wealth.

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A namesake, and a brother strap, viewing his success with jaundiced eyes, as a poor curate gazes on the luxurious bishop—for, in truth, he shaved for a penny, while his proud rival received six shillings for every block he trimmed—bethought him of an expedient to meliorate his fortune.

The original Mr. Blakely had long since removed the outward insignia of his calling, and a neat brass plate, alone, announced the *great man's* residence. Whereupon, the polygraphic Mr. Blakely took a small house in the same street,

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and nearly opposite; on the door of which he announced,

Blakely, Hair Cutter.

The cognoscenti in the art of cropping, it is true, still crowded the morning levee of the *gentleman* with the brass plate, waiting a turn as patiently as a washerwoman at a chandler's shop waits for her halfpenny-worth of snuff; but the imitatores servum pecus, who only knew that *a* Mr. Blakely, in such a street, was the *great hair cutter*, always went to the wrong shop; and as they

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paid six shillings for the job, they supposed, from the price, that the *outsides* of their heads were fashionably correct.

Thus we had a Brummagem Blakely as well as a Brummagem Duke upon the town; the former is the landlord before us.

The remainder of the morning was passed with Mr. Rawlins, the steward of his late grandfather's estate, whom Edward had previously desired to meet him on his arrival in town.

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The history of Mr. Dalton, and the event which has proved so favorable to the fortunes of our hero, are brief.

With a contracted mind, which a mechanical life, passed in the counting house, was little calculated to expand; he saw, from his earliest career, all things prosper around him.

At the age of thirty-five, he engaged in co-partnership with a gentleman, whose daughter, much against her own will, he at the same time married; but although neither his natural disposi-

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tion, nor his acquired habits, were capable of touching the heart of the lovely and accomplished girl, who yielded to him her reluctant hand; a steady perseverance in doing that which was right—an unbounded confidence in her rectitude—and an unlimited indulgence to her wishes—failed not to create grateful emotions in her bosom, which secured it from the fatality of any wandering prepossession.

Eliza was an only child, and equally the darling of her parents. At his wife's death, which happened about three

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years previously to his daughter's marriage, Mr. Dalton retired from business; and in the following year Eliza was removed from school to keep his house.

Probably Mr. Dalton would not have refused his daughter to a gentleman of good moral character, even though his fortune had been small. He loved his Eliza fondly, and wished her happy. His means were ample, and sufficient for them both. But he had, unhappily, imbibed so unconquerable an aversion to Irishmen, whom he indiscriminately

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called fortune-hunters, and who he illiberally bespattered with abuse, as fellows who crept into families to seduce their wives and daughters—to revel on their fortunes, and abuse their persons when in their power, unrestricted by a spark of honor, sentiment, or justice.

When any strong opinion once takes hold in a contracted mind, it increases in power, till it becomes an obstinately indelible impression. Mr. Dalton was not to be moved: his daughter had married an Irishman—and the oratory of Demosthenes would have made no

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more impression on him, than it did on the sea, the forum of his early declamations.

He, therefore, altered his will, leaving a distant relation, whom he had never seen, heir to his fortune; which, in landed and funded property, together with houses and warehouses in the city, amounted to a yearly income of upwards of four thousand pounds.

Fate, however, averted this act of injustice.

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Mr. Dalton was confined with the gout at his seat in D—shire: the house by some accident caught fire, which did not discover itself till long after the family had retired.

On the alarm being given, the flames were raging with a violence that scarcely gave the family time to escape with life. Mr. Dalton was carried out in the arms of his servants, and taking his seat in an easy chair in the garden, he soon after saw the roof fall in with a tremendous crash.

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His plate, his papers, and every thing of value was consumed. The cold he caught was fatal: the gout flew to the vital parts, and next day he was a corpse.

To hurry over this melancholy recital, we return to Edward, thus miraculously vested with a fortune to indulge his natural vanities.

We have placed him in the high road to every gratification, whether whimsical or rational—voluptuous or sentimental.

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He put himself as regularly into training, as the jockey airs his racer at New-Market; he was resolved to be quite the thing—he was impatient to lead, to shine, to dazzle, to blaze.

Pending these elegant engagements, he was almost a daily visitor at the Grunters; who, understanding his pretensions to notice, had introduced him to half the town.

Mamma was extremely taken with his fine manly form; and ladies at thirty six are said to be better judges of pro-

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portion, than unskilled misses in their teens. Her attentions to the stranger in London were most marked.

Miss Grunter was a wit, and undertook to teach him the polite art of quizzing. Lessons from a young lady, who had made a sentimental excursion for three years with the man of her heart, "over the hills and far away," would have put our hero's philosophy to the test, if the gaiety and badinage of the lovely sinner had not been corrected by the jealous austerity of a young father confessor, of *squinting notoriety*,

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when her vivacity bordered on levity in favor of his handsome rival.

But the bewitching little Maria, though awed by the more imposing talents of her sister, had certain powers to please that were not lost upon Edward.

With the one, his spirits gambolled; with the other, his heart claimed kindred; sympathy acknowledged the appeal, and their lips had mutually confirmed the bond of union, before any of the family suspected them to be in love.

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En attendant—nothing could be more pointed than the civilities of Mr. Grunter; he was a nabob, whose fortune was estimated at half a million—Of this more anon.

Edward soon became essential to the whole party; and Mrs. Grunter could not present herself at any public place without her handsome chaperon.

It was the first winter of Catalani's appearance at the Opera. Edward, without an atom of science, possessed great musical taste; he was dying to

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hear this celebrated performer, and attended the Grunters to their box in the lower tier, on the first evening of the Semiramide.

The Syren appeared. Repeated peals of thundering applause echoed around the brilliant circle: it was succeeded by a death-like silence.

Rapt in stillness, the whole house appeared to gasp beneath the stupendous wonders of her execution. Every organ was delighted; but the feelings were mere spectators, and amazement

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made them forget that the heart was uninvited to the feast. It was, however, the very singular fashion to croud the house as soon as the doors were open; and who shall oppose fashion?

Not John Bull, believe me. Witness the Bottle Conjuror.

But, without any view to criticise, with severity, the talents of this fashionable favorite, I hope I may be permitted to exclaim against the profusion of the great world, who, in these times of scarcity, when respectable fa-

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But what is still more singular, the papers which announce the Catalani as an actress in one paragraph, announce her as the elegant hostess of a splendid entertainment in another; and enumerate among her guests foreign princes and english noblesse.

It was not always so on the continent; and had Prince Esterhazy been aware of the following anecdote, perhaps, he would not so have honored the lady in question.

R—ck—m House, all princely residences, gave 200l. to the refugees, and to the *poor starving weavers* NOUHGT!

Farinelli, who rather owes the living of his name to the wayward pencil of Hogarth, than to his own intrinsic merit, or the munificence of his patrons, was a subject of the Duke of Modena.

When in London, and the tide of his popularity was at its height, he made no scruple at treating the very first of our nobility with the most unceremonious rudeness.

The Duke of Modena, happening to be in England at this period, was invited to Northumberland house: for

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the amusement of His Serene Highness Farinelli was also invited.

At the very moment, however, of his expected arrival, he sent a verbal message that he was engaged at Lady Coventry's, and could not come.

His grace of Northumberland was extremely mortified, and made many apologies to his noble guest; when the Duke of Modena, beckoning to one of his suite, said to him,

"Go, instantly to Farinelli, and desire him to come here."

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In a very few minutes Farinelli appeared.

All the company, except the Duke of Modena, arose, and a chair was placed for their new guest.

"My Lord Duke,"—exclaimed his highness—"do you permit a singer to "sit in your presence?

"Farinelli," he continued, "go "stand in yonder corner of the room, "and sing your best song in your best "manner."

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He obeyed, without hesitation, and excelled himself.

When he had finished, the Duke his master nodded to him with great dignity; and he retired, bowing most humbly round the room.

In reading this anecdote, intelligent reader, I wish you to construe it into an oblique censure upon our countrymen, no less severe than just; who upon similar occasions, and to similar characters, have not been sufficiently tenacious of the nation's dignity.

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What would this same Duke of Modena say, were he alive, when told that on such a day a grand entertainment was given by a public singer at her house in ——, at which all the Foreign Diplomacy and English ministry were present.

It is a positive libel on the nation, yet true; and the following was among the amusements of the evening.

My Lord C——h—who had previously, more than once, evinced that he was not born to be drowned—having made copious libations at the shrine of

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Bacchus, sought a momentary retreat into the open air; when lo! as my Lord gazed on the starry firmament, and all his contemplations seemed bent intently on the *sign pisces**—an aromatic shower from a superb vase of Seve china, interrupted his philosophic reverie.

The stoutest heart might well retreat from such an *overwhelming* attack.

* I beg to inform the ladies, that *pisces* (signifying the fishes) is one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, or belt that surrounds the universe.

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"O, cielo, che sciagura!"—shrieked the affrighted chambermaid.

Reader, have you never seen Kemble start at the appearance of Banquo's ghost, and then exclaim .....

"Shake not your *gory* locks at me!"

Or, have you not noticed how the Newfoundland dog, returning from a watery excursion to the shore, will shake his fleecy sides to the annoyance of all who approach him?

So started the affrighted Abigail! So shook the inundated peer!

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By the amiable attention of his amiable hostess, my Lord was afterwards carefully rubbed down; his valet brought him other clothes—he again joined the brilliant circle, where the malheur was forgotten in the sweetness of the C—'s voice; who obligingly favored the company with a *da capo* of

"*Water parted from the Sea!*"

Meanwhile Edward's barouche came out.

It was built in exact imitation of a

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stage coach, with an accommodation boot behind, and another before, attached to the body; an extremely high box carpeted in the seat, with an iron railing round it: chains instead of pole pieces.

His horses were of different colors; but trimmed alike to every individual hair: he had aired them in a break every morning for six weeks previously, attended by a skilful coachman, who taught how to sit—how to square his elbows—how to tremble the reins on his left ungloved hand, like the gamut

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of a stringed instrument—so that every horse should feel his bit and do his work, without any apparent exertion from the driver.

Thus lessoned, the much longed for morning dawned. It was Sunday, and the Grunters had promised to honor him with their company in the Park: Miss Grunter provokingly insisting to occupy the driving box in despite of her mother's bridled chin—her sister's pouting lip—and her confessor's squinting negative.

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She positively seized on the post of honor, exclaiming with Ranger,

"Up I go—neck, or nothing."

A beautiful spring morning, enlivened by a cheerful sun, invited all the idlers about town to the Park: the promenade was crowded with beauty—the ride was filled with horses, such as are not in equal numbers and perfection of form to be seen, elsewhere, in the habitable world.

The branches of the trees were burst-

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ing into verdure—the feathered songster carolled on the bough—all nature wore a smile.

Dash went our Barouche Driver into the Park: a double row of carriages seemed to oppose his passage; but the high mettled steeds, obedient to his rein, rushed through the middle way in defiance of the heavy gravel.

Every eye was upon them. Miss Grunter felt herself more than mortal.

"Now"—said she, placing her hand

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on the arm of her companion—" you " see all the world, and I will be to " you as Asmodeus was to the scholar, " who released him from the Magician's " power.

" It is only supposing the vehicle to " which I shall point to be a chamber; " and that I have led you invisibly " through the roof, to espy ' the " nakedness of the land*.'

* These anecdotes are given in continuity, to avoid the Scheherezade-like interruptions they would otherwise suffer. But the reader

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"Look to the right; the lady occupying the back seat of that superb brown vis-a-vis is the youngest of four sisters. Her father ranks among the first of our nobles, but devotes his life to the *charms* of retirement; while my Lady devoted hers to popularity in the world of fashion, where she out brazened every *modest* competitor, and long reigned supreme arbitress of ton.

"The eldest of her daughters—that is,

will suppose that they were related at different times, and by different persons.

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by her own biography, for *the eldest* having married a commoner is not reckoned in the family—is the domestic wife of a peer of very high rank, who takes more pleasure in a sailing match than a drawing room; and mixes little with the beau-monde. Her G——, from this retirement, is a mere vegetable in the animal world.

"The second is the amiable wife of a rough and gallant soldier, lately succeeded to his birthright dignities, and promoted to high command.

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"In this public situation, they combine their powers to make the people happy whom they govern; and hold up to the world, a rare instance of unobtrusive virtue, ornamenting exalted rank.

" The third—pretty, lively, and satirical, moves in a sphere one degree below her sisters. Nothing remarkable has hitherto marked her life. She is an exemplary wife, and a good mother.

" The youngest is married to a nobleman, and bears equal rank with her elders. She has moved in all the public

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pomp of office, veiling the meanness of domestic œconomy—consequently, unpopular.

Her Ladyship having lost some forty or fifty thousand pounds to a foreign prince, deceased, had recourse to a new way of paying old debts, by making a card purse out of the allowances of G——; but policy seems to have been her mother's milk—Policy made her fall in love with the late ever to be revered D——, and wear *widow*'s weeds at his lamented decease.—Policy made her flirt with the elegant Beauharnois, at

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Paris—there being, then, no nearer heir apparent*—till every body wondered

* H— M—— is said to have been so little pleased with this Parisian tour, that he was extremely cool to H— G—— when she appeared at C—— on her return.

The Lady's indignation, at this treatment, was for some time smothered; till a new r—l offence set all her Highland blood into commotion.

"Pray sir"—she said, strutting up to the P—— with a martial step, and *almost* kimboed arms—"how does it happen that you suffer "——— to abuse me at your table. I know

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what would be the *end* of it.—They were remarkable for *waltzing*.

" that he had the impudence to say—" so and " so—"

" I do not recollect any such conversation" —returned H. R. H. with a bow of elegant condescension—" nor do I ever betray private " conversation. If I knew your informant, I " would take care he never should so err again " at my table."

Foiled by this coolly-cutting reproof—the lady crimsoned all over; and as rage must have its

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The mother of this *Grace* has been remarkable through life for displaying a settled contempt for every rule of polite etiquette; which, added to an unrestrainde indulgence of her *natural* feelings, and the convivial freedom

vent, she turned to General G——, who was in the circle, exclaiming—

" And you may tell the K—, sir, that unless " he receives me better—neither I—nor any of " my family shall ever go to C—t again."

H— G— - then stalked away, *majestically.*

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of a Bacchante, form the noble pedestal on which she has reared her *spotless* fame.

An open chubby countenance that never knew a blush*; a ready repartee;

* The following anecdote is on record. "A rural life in the coldest climates will generate warmth in the female bosom, and if *opportunity* offer, it is rather unfortunate, if it be not succeeded by enjoyment. Innocent stratagems are sometimes employed to encourage the diffidence, and stimulate the desires, of timid unconscious youth.

"It is related, how a certain *experienced*

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less remarkable for wit than effront-

matron of high Rank and Scottish extraction, amidst the interesting solitude of an evening promenade, in the thickest recesses of a sequestered grove, in a gentle tête-à-tête, once deigned obliquely to court the amorous favors of a young military *novice* on a visit at the Chateau.

" *Burning* to accomplish her object, she *tenderly* asked him, if he could spell op,por,tu, ni,ty—when alas! the stupid Cymon not only neglected the *opportunity*, but to display his innocence, or rather his ignorance, in stronger colors, related at supper his simple story, which served only to excite mirth in the company, and

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ery* — have enabled her to elbow through the croud, and gain the throne of fashion.

in no wise disconcerted the lady whose *bronze* disdained to change its colors.

" We are bound to *admire* the *tender* ingenuity, and *unshaken firmness* of the noble Lady —Happy effect of *polished* education!"

* H— G— — formerly had a quarrel with the late Mr. P——, and not only avoided asking him to her own house; but avoided meeting him elsewhere. At length, in a sudden fit of good humour, she determined to make friends

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Whatever may be said of her as a wife—it must be allowed she has been a *good* mother; her daughters being *so greatly* married.

The *happy* husband of the bonny

with him, one night, when she saw him at a party, and going up to him with a broad smile, she said, without preface,

"Pray, Mr. P——, do you talk as much non-"sense lately as you used to do?"

"Really, Y— G——," he replied—"I am "not aware; but *certainly* I have not *heard* "so much nonsense *lately*, as I used to do."

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dame has also *his amusements*; of less éclat, certainly, but, perhaps, of equal pleasantry, as a little anecdote will unfold.

" Amid the rudest scenery of the Highlands, where hill contends with hill, and barren heaths display the ruggedness of uncultivated nature, a sportsman, lately, chanced to stray.

" His eager eye pursued the timid grouse; but soon two objects of seraphic form burst on his raptured view!

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"He gazed in speechless ecstasy. They were not of another world—for all the elegancies of modern ton adorned their persons.

"He advanced to cross them on their path, and bent before them as to superior beings.

"They returned the stranger's courtesey with unaffected smiles of polished condescension. They were enrobed in light drapery of the finest muslin; and their dress and manners were correspondent with the newest fashion.

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" Who could they be?—

" The stranger followed to their Kirk..... they were the daughters of the D— of G——."

Strange reports are in circulation of " THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER"..... Time will devellope all things.

But see—another subject calls for our attention. Do you note that gentleman who rides so near the railing, and has just saluted the ladies in yon open carriage?

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" I do,"—answered Edward—" and my attention hangs upon your lips."

His name is Spensur, and he is just returned from the Continent, where he was employed in a public character. He is brother to our naval hero of that name.

During his abode at C——, he became enamoured of a beautiful German young lady, the Doggerman's daughter, and was made happy in the possession of her hand.

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His public duties, however, soon after his marriage recalled him to England; and he left his lovely bride to await his return.

Some time having passed, and no mention being made of his return, Mrs. Spensur determined to join him in England. She, accordingly, took her passage, but unhappily the vessel in which she salied, was captured, and carried into France.

As the subject of a power in amity with the French government, the fair

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voyager claimed her privilege through the medium of her ambassador—but her release was denied her, on the plea of her having married an Englishman.

Personal pique might, perhaps, have influenced this ungallant answer from a gallant nation, as the *name* was hateful to the ears of Buonaparte.

The unceasing application of her ambassador, however, at length partially prevailed; and Mrs. Spensur was allowed to go to Naples.

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Arriving—with her sister—and her money being all expended, her only resource was in her jewels, which she disposed of for their support; when, fortunately, as she imagined, an Italian nobleman was about to sail for England, and offered himself to be their escort.

Without further accident, they reached London, and put up at a fashionable hotel; of which, immediate notice was conveyed to Mr. Spensur, by his impatiently affectionate wife.

But he, fashionably elegant, merely

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paid the party a visit at their hotel—was profuse in his compliments to the Marquis—and departed, on some light excuse, leaving them just as he found them.

It appeared, afterwards, that the GENTLEMAN was in high keeping with two ladies of high fashion, when the mal-à-propos visit of his wife threatened to mar his *domestic* comforts; but Mrs. Spensur was lynx eyed; and finding the *sort of man* she had married, determined on returning to her family without condescending even to upbraid him.

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In this situation of refined non-chalance, the Marquis told his new friend he had a bill for 300l. which he wished to get discounted, but knew not how. The names were unexceptionable.

"My dear fellow"—replied Mr. Spensur—"how happy you make me "in allowing me to serve you. I will "get the bill cashed immediately."

He did so—but forgetting the difference between *meum* and *tuum*—the money found the way into his own pocket, instead of the poor Marquis's.

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It was whispered, that Mr. Spensur, on this occasion, laughed at the thing, as a good joke, swearing that a fair exchange was no robbery*.

From the service of these two ladies he was, shortly after, discarded; when he became the favorite of a certain widow in S——e Street, with whom he entered on present pay, and good quarters.

* It would be very unpardonable indeed to suffer this *wit* to pass without stating—That not the slightest opprobrium has ever, in reality, attached to this injured Lady's character.

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One unlucky night—perhaps to shew his authority—he took it into his head, to see if the house was locked up safe; when, lo! as he entered the kitchen, he found Mrs. Cook amorously seated on the lap of her enamorato, and both so busied with their own happiness, that he stole upon them unawares.

"Fellow"—said the *intrepid* Spensur—"What business have you in *this* house?"

"Mayhap, as much as yauw—or thereabout, feller—" was the laconic reply.

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Spensur cursed and swore that he would charge the watch with him.

"Yauw had betther not"—said the routed lover—but Spensur was enraged, and collared the culprit; upon which, the man gave him a Yorkshire hug, that laid him flat upon the kitchen floor.

The whole house was now in an uproar: and in the terror of the scene, the watch was called by one of the other maids, who came running down stairs

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half dressed, and screaming " murder !" " thieves !" " thieves !—murder !"

With many opprobrious terms, the poor Yorkshireman was given over to the watch; and, in his turn, he charged Spensur.

The uproar, notwithstanding the hour, collected many persons before the door, when the Yorkshireman thus addressed his fellow prisoner.

" Yauw, a gentleman !—to be zure,

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" and so yauw be—to leave yaur own
" lawful wedded wife, to cum here ran-
" tipoling after Madam Hotapon't—I do
" be ashamed of ye—that I be—I ha'
" gotten no wife—I daunt hurten no-
" body—and where do be the law,
" then, to keep I, from sweethearting a
" bit, when the maiden do be willing."

The next object of Miss Grunter's biography was a famous cast off demi-rep.

" Bless us!"—exclaimed the fair

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prattler—" What a *tumble* that Lady's pride has had"—pointing — " who would believe that she had lately been the *managing clarke* in a great A—— concern under the firm of Frederique, Brownwood, and Co. but a jealousy have arisen among the partners, and Mr. Brownwood complaining that Mr. Frederique—her keeper—suffered meritricious influence to exceed all bounds, remonstrated, to the disgrace of the Lady.

It is worthy of remark, that this lady's patronage, when in power, was

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looked up to as the most promising in the kingdom*.

She invented a new game—I do not know whether, or not, by patent—for the amusement of all little master Jackeys.

It consisted in making *paste board*

* When Mr. Frederique would, at times, be low spirited with the *dread* of an investigation, his *clarke* would facetiously rally him thus,

" *Never fear, doctor, you are a K—S——, Nobody you know, dare touch you.*"

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infants leap over the heads of veterans; which leap was magically facilitated by the deposit of a purse, at every jump, which she caught in her lap.

She also invented a machine, by means of which she could write the name of Frederique, and make it pass current with the house—some say, for thousands.—And so powerful were her spells, that one of her footmen, who had a handsome leg, and square shoulders, was metamorphosed, in a few months, into a captain of foot, as a reward for *past* services.

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The next to be pourtrayed, is Mr. Jessamy.

" ——neat and trimly dress'd
" Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new
" reaped,
" Shews like a stubble land, at harvest home:
" He is perfumed like a milliner;
" And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he holds
" A pounced box, which ever and anon
" He gives his nose—and takes't away again*."

Early in life, with a fortune of about twenty thousand pounds, this sweetly

* The *person* is changed from the original.

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scented Adonis married a young lady who was the rich heiress of a trader in the city.

The newly wedded pair, soon after, made a tour of the Continent; whence the gentleman returned *rich* in two beautiful Italian greyhounds—while his Lady's travelled improvements ranked her with the virtuosi.

A splendid mansion* opened with

* The bronze figures that lighted his side-board cost 1000 guineas in Italy.

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sumptuous entertainments, soon became the receptacle of an elegant mob. And for a few seasons, their rank among the haut ton was established.

The father of Mr. Jessamy had passed the greater part of his life in India; and about this period, a gentleman who had been his youthful friend, returned from the scorching plains of Hindustan, a martyr to the ravages of the climate.

Mr. Jessamy hasted to greet him, on his arrival—took him home as his father's friend—and was as a son unto him.

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Mrs. Jessamy, with an amiable politeness and obliging solicitude, would often pass her evening in the chamber of the invalid, who ultimately repaid the friendship of his host with the grossest violation of honor and hospitality*.

* A poor Swiss having been ungratefully repaid for his national hospitality to a soldier, preferred the following simple, but energetic, complaint against the delinquent, in the presence of his officers:

" May it please your honors—dis shentleman come up into mine house—he vas eater mine

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Once detected, the lady *proudly* quitted her home with her decrepit paramour, leaving, contemptuously, her *dear* Jerry Sneak,

" To sigh alone—and think on what was past !"

At first, Mr. Jessamy's pride kept up his resolution in finally separating from

meat—he vas drinker mine drink—he vas picker mine pocket—he vas *kisser* mine vife—he vas dammer mine eyes—he vas kicker me down stairs ! ! !

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the hyena he had taken to his bosom; but when he looked into his accounts, and found that his twenty thousand pounds had been the ready source of all their elegant expenses—and that his wife, bad as she was, in taking away herself, had taken away her fortune —he, most philosophically, resolved to forgive the dear offender—whom he told her friends he could not live without—and pressed them to solicit her return.

Every woman of spirit would act as Mrs. Jessamy did—she spurned the offer—leaving him to the caresses of

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his two Italian grey-hounds, and to study ways and means on the Stock Exchange among the bulls and bears.

Now you shall see what you shall see —huzza, for Lætitia D— of L—k—r's lane in the parish of St. G——s's!

See how she spins along those beautiful blood bays;—we are very intimate, and I can tell you all about her.

No woman in England drives four in-hand more knowingly than *my Lady*. Not even the celebrated Mrs. H——s,

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or the driving Brewer's driving dulcinea.

No woman ever rode so well up to the hounds—not excepting Mrs. M. A. T——, Lady M——, or Lady S——, or comes so sportingly in at the death.

No woman can boast more fashionable principles—for she has a thorough contempt for all her former associates, and a dear delight in letting you know she is allied to nobility.

When a certain Baronet of driving

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notoriety, whose head is proverbially weak, was yet a boy; and the beautiful Lætitia a celebrated cyprian, he won her to his arms, like another Danae; but a *certain* personage of exalted rank, professing himself also her lover; the lady, well knowing her p's and q's, *swore* she would desert her keeper, for her more illustrious gallant, unless he married her.

The Baronet was over head and ears in love, and they became "one bone and one flesh."

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In this new sphere of life, she moved a splendid constellation. The St. G——s's bulk was transformed into an Opera-box; but as the female world was a little squeamish, and it was necessary to give my Lady a companion of her own sex—to save appearances—a pretty, fair, blue eyed, flaxen haired, girl—a neice of my Lady's—was transplanted from the mysteries of L—rs Lane to the mysteries of my Lady's boudoir, to which she was admitted after divers scrubbings, and a vast consumption of rose and honey water.

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The St. G——s's beauty seemed as if born to grace the new hemisphere she shone in—her language refined with her manners; insomuch, that when she sometimes caught an oath tripping glibly along her tongue, she could give a great gulp—and swallow it.

At length, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, she had drilled herself into fashion; and nature had made her lovely.

The eye of many a rake wantoned

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o'er her charms—but Miss was forbidden fruit.

She would not sell her favors; and no one, as yet, had been found sufficiently in love to ask her hand in marriage.

It happened, that a certain nobleman, gay, thoughtless, extravagant, and licentious—but with many private virtues—had lost a considerable sum*, at the gaming table, to his friend the driving Baronet.

* Sixteen thousand pounds.

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They were tête-à-tête, shortly after, at the Baronet's table—the Champaigne had made many rounds, and my Lord felt he was up to any thing.

Now was the time.

" Marry *my* neice, my Lord"—exclaimed the Baronet gaily—" and your debt is cancelled."

" Your hand, my boy"—rejoined his Lordship.

" And done, and done's, enough be-

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tween two jontlemen, according to Miss Edgeworth's Dublin shoe-black."

The next morning, when my Lord awoke, he found himself in a strange bed, with a beautiful bedfellow; and after rubbing his eyes for a few minutes, to collect his senses, he, at length, recollected, he had been *married* a few hours before on the leads of the Baronet's house!

Shortly after, they made their public entrée on the Ascot course, as man and

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wife, in a phaeton with six greys in hand.

Having played his part through a short but joyous scene on this stage, he made a sudden exit to a better world, and was succeeded in his titles, profusion, and follies—I do not say his virtues —by the present Lord Crippleton, whom we shall meet presently, as he is a noted Barouche driver.

Aye, here he comes, splashing along at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

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The *gentleman* seated with him on the box, is Tom, his buffoon. He leads him into parties, as a Charlatan leads his ape—for the amusement of company.

Tom has an excellent knack at catching nuts, of which his Patron is so well aware, that he lays bets at table that he will lodge so many, out of so many, nuts in Tom's mouth: and the bet being made, my Lord gives the signal, with a——"Come, Tom"—and Tom prepares to catch.

I am not positive whether the same

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rewards are inflicted upon Tom, when he loses his patron's money, as those bestowed on the dancing dogs; but Tom appears to be in great awe of his *noble* master.

The beautiful creature who sat alone in the carriage is my Lady—her motto "*Variety*"—by the bye, I could tell you an excellent family jest; of, how my Lord came *in* suddenly, and found my Lady *out;* and how my Lord *cozened* the *cozener* out of four thousand pounds, for poaching on his *cousin*'s manor—

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and how the noble delinquent took out a *sporting* licence to knock down his Lordship's *game* at pleasure, without any the least let, hindrance, or molestation whatsoever. But I would, for the present, draw your attention to yon crimson carriage.

My Lady Peppercorn—fat, fair, and forty; she has been a celebrated beauty, and was left a young widow with little else than her charms to carry on the war.

Her destiny led her to the *Continent*,

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and at Rome she captivated an elegant and accomplished youth of Royal birth then on his travels—but while preliminaries were settling for yielding up the garrison; another, and more lovely English-woman, appeared before the walls; and with the artillery of her eyes forced the Prince to raise the siege.

A variety of adventures, at length, restored this national ornament to gem in the British court. Her travels had not filled her purse; and a noble Lord, very benevolently, set on foot a subscrip-

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tion to present her Ladyship with ten thousand pounds.

Lord Peppercorn, who is very affluent, and the personification of benevolence—*when beauty claims the meed*—was solicited to put down his name for one thousand guineas in relief of his fair countrywoman—when his Lordship, not liking a pig in a poke, desired to be introduced.

It so fell out, that my Lord's *charity* had devised a number of ways to *explain* itself. And this becoming ocularly

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manifest to a near relation of her Lady-ship's—my Lord Peppercorn had to chuse between a wife and a bullet; which choice a very convenient appeal to the Doctor's Commons*, a few weeks before, had enabled his Lordship *philosophically* to adopt.

That brown chariot, with the brown

* The family memoirs are detailed at large in a novel called *The Infidel Mother*, written by myself, and published by Hughes of Wigmore Street.

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and sky blue liveries, is worthy your attention.

Observe the antique cocked up in the further corner; with a head resembling in color and effect a stewed pruin. She is a West Indian; and one of those outlandish fools who presume to vie in expense with our first nobility; till a short reign of ridiculous profusion metamorphoses their Turkish drawing rooms to a less elegant apartment at the King's Bench.

This, however, has not been the

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finale with the present lady, although her routes were of the most splendid nature: her husband is gone abroad again, to recruit from his attorney ships, and she lives during his absence—like Penelope.

Their history is concise; but spirited. Madame was the wife of a gentleman holding a patent place at J—— of considerable emolument; and Monsieur, a raw-boned—broad-shouldered—Scotchman, whom he employed as his private clerk.

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" Shortly after, the gentleman died; and *supple* Woolley, his clerk, was directed by the executors to arrange his private accounts.

In this situation, the *disconsolate* widow would frequently—under pretence of his fatigue and study—tempt the brawny youth, with a delicate broil, and a rummer of mixed hock, for his second breakfast; till one freedom begetting another freedom—Woolley had no more to ask the widow nothing more to grant.

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Unhappily for the *lovee*, and as happily for the *lover*, Master Woolley had a favorite fair at home. The mistress of the boarding house at which he lived, had long cast a sheep's eye at him.

'Twas a cheap way of paying his reckoning; and œconomy is the soul of a Scotchman.

Woolley was happy here—there—and every where.

But one *unlucky* day, when the pre-

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sence of the executors had detained Woolley much beyond his usual hour at the office—and he was engaged out to dinner—in his extreme hurry to dress, he forgot a tender billet, which "love's messenger" in the shape of Mamma Quasheba, an old Mulatto woman, had slipped into his hand, and he had slipped into his pocket.

This note fell into the possession of his jealous Argus at home, who had long watched an opportunity to catch the infidel tripping.

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She eagerly tore open the *scrawl*, and after some trouble, read as follows:

"*My addoribble Kretur,*

Kum to de litty dore in de bak piach, wen dem neger all sleep, boute one a clok, to my longhin arms. Yours till deth.

"*Cassandra.*"

This elegant morceau was nuts to the finder: not a word escaped her, to Woolley, that night; but judge his amazement, when he found, next day, that the dear *billet doux* had been posted

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on the door of the Public* Buildings, and the contents communicated to the town, with a note explanatory of the signature "Cassandra."

This malicious trick turned out to be a rare coup de fortune for Woolley.

The widow was immensely rich, and

* The Public Building—so called from its containing the House of Assembly, the Court House, and the Public Offices.—It is the place of public rendezvous—as the Exchange of London, or the Rialto at Venice.

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of great family. There was no way to patch up her reputation but one—Woolley became her husband—succeeded to the patent of his late master, and from an originally bowing, dirty sans-culotte, soon after became, *virtually*, king of the island.

Do you observe that little old-fashioned fellow, in his little old fashioned cocked hat, with the landau full of masters and misses?

He is a great banker, and the youngsters are his grand children.—But notwithstanding you see him so amiably

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engaged in playing with his little ones, he has playthings of a riper growth for his more *private*—amusement.

A *cherry* cheeked actress has long since made great havoc with his heart; and he offered a settlement of ten thousand pounds to the dear object of his affections; but the little minx knew there was no fool like an old fool, and that if he could give so much money for *one* bite at a *cherry*, she had nothing to do but play *bob cherry* with his feelings, till he should consent to purchase the whole fruit at her own price.

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How she kept her own feelings in proper subjugation amid constant provocatives, I do not attempt to determine; but it is certain they never run riot, *with the Banker*, who is now resolved to have her "COUTE *qu'il* COUTE," and a matrimonial farce is said to be on the tapis.

These theatrical alliances are become quite fashionable. I suppose, some day or other, an act of parliament will be made to remove the *lawful* appellation of *vagabonds*.

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Here comes beauty, purity, and self-denial, in that plain open landau. Three sisters, highly accomplished, and valued, each, at one hundred thousand pounds.

They are daughters of a great grazier, who has amassed, by *œconomy* and *government contracts*, the little modicum he intends for his girls; whose life, however, is too retired to provoke envy, and whose qualifications bid fair to make *them* worthy members of society.

A curious discovery lately took place,

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on the appointment of a new inspector.

The quarterly day of review having arrived, Mr. Contractor saluted the officer with great courtesy, and attempted to place a fold of paper in his hand.

" What is this"—exclaimed the Inspector, suffering the fold of *bank notes* to fall on the ground.

" Oh, nothing, my dear sir; I have " been accustomed to bring this* trifle

* Five hundred pounds at each quarterly muster—Nice pickings!

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" with me; it has served to lighten
" your *predecessor*'s travelling expences."

The Inspector refused the money; and reported the fact.

Here comes a ducal coronet.

That Barouche and four, with sable liveries, contains the British Ninon de l'Enclos, Lady E— Forrester, the chere amie alike of the late D—ss and the D. of D——.

Married early in life to a man of

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contemptible talents, and physically deficient, her Ladyship took French leave of her amiable partner, and winged her flight across the water.

Of extreme beauty—great vivacity—and by nature a rover—she sought the gratification of her vanities, and the uncontroled indulgence of "les egaremens de son cœur," in every court of Europe.

But though a voluptuary—she was a tyrant among her lovers. She knew that a passive indulgence gave a sameness to the most exalted transports.

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She therefore gave a *delicate* seasoning to her amours.—Elle scavoit les menager —while rival princes wore her chains, and modern Jupiters approached her with a golden shower.

At length, fatigued even with enjoyment, she retired from the *congenial* delights of Italy, where she had long resided, to domesticate in England.

Few women have greater resources, within themselves, from the horrors of ennui, than this fair libertine. An improved taste in music, painting, and all

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the fine arts, are the eminently conspicuous talents of her Ladyship; and travel has given so much witchery to her naturally pleasing and graceful manners, that her superiority is evident in every circle she ornaments with her presence.

Her Ladyship, it is expected, will change her name, as soon as etiquette permits the ceremony.

Mind, how *elegantly* my Lord Humpton *bends* to his work, and how gallantly his horses step. He is one of the

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most celebrated among the club of Barouche drivers.—You will do well to take a lesson; for his Lordship has neither heart nor soul for any other object than his favorite blood bays, or genius beyond the critical arrangement of their harness.

His Lordship, formerly, had *warmer* passions; and was, at a very early period of life, plighted to my Lady:—an indefinable* novelty his object: money, hers.

* Novelty—curiosity—folly—or whatever

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Her Ladyship is descended, on the mother's side, in a *crooked* line, from

other name may be most applicable to an inconsiderate act, sanctioned, only, by the caprice of the moment—an emotion which had nearly proved very fatal to his Lordship—previous to his marriage—while on a trip at Scarborough.

"A lady of great notoriety—the once famous Nancy Parsons—made so great a hole in his heart, that he, positively, offered her his hand in marriage; and would, most probably, have kept his engagement, had not his family, trembling for the honor of their house, hurried him into all the excesses of the metropolis, with a

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C—— II. which *accidental honor* has almost turned her brain, in visionary con-

view to expunge a smaller vice, by means of one greater.

Here, he saw his present C——, then in the full meridian of beauty: and the forsaken Nancy was blotted from his memory.

I have read a short memoir of this celebrated Lady; which may not be unacceptable to the reader—if an inquisitive reader.

"Of her origin it would be difficult to speak positively—but it is believed that she was edu-

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templations on the *virtues* of high descent. She is, therefore, proud and

cated in the kitchen of the renowned *Mother* W——h, in C——d Row.

"Here Nancy became acquainted with Dukes, Lords, and Blacklegs, who habitually paid nocturnal visits to that fashionable *haunt*.

"Her beauty was accidentally discovered, and she was elevated to the *honors* of the parlor; when she improved her acquaintance with the great world, till she, at length, became the mistress of a ducal prime minister, with whom she

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overbearing in her usual demeanor, but yielding, as the melting wax, with those she *loves*.

lived many years, in all the pomp of office and plenitude of power.

" From his G—— of G—— she was transformed to his G—— of D—— with whom she made the grand tour, and perfected herself in all those imposing qualities, called travelled accomplishments. At her return she married Lord V—— M——d, and *ornamented* the circle of British noblesse, to which she was—*unsqueamishly*—admitted according to her rank."

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His Lordship is frivolous, petulant, and whimsical—so that, his fretful inquietudes, invading her *natural* complacencies; and her high blood spurning at opposition, *gentle* bickerings are wont to break forth between this noble pair.

And so *powerfully* resolute is my Lady in not yielding one inch of her authority, that when she cannot break the force of his argument, she, forcibly, breaks the head of the argumentor, and thereby gains a complete victory. And while his Lordship's *sublime* pursuits are

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divided between the stable, and the park; my Lady—when not airing in the carriage, by way of proving, to the world, how happily they live together—has always contrived little *innocent amusements* at home, to console her delicate feelings, and expel the blue devils from her sentimental boudoir.

See—what ease—what grace—what elegance—in the carriage of that female figure riding yon iron grey! How sweetly she smiles upon the Adonis who accompanies her! but the family is remarkable for their attractions—the

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mother almost disputing the palm of beauty with her daughters — the daughters, certainly, the lovely rivals of each other.

The fair equestrian is married, and her husband in the K— B——.

What *charming* sensibility!

I observe another lady on horseback, just entering the Park—Oh!—'tis my Lady Melbrow—the sylph companion of an old flannelled Peer: unhappily, *bondaged* companion—for with her

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spirit she would break less galling fetters than the matrimonial chain.

Her father—a *noble* Lord—sold her, when very young, to the slippered Pantaloon whose name she bears; but though he sold her person, he could not make over her inclinations in the deed; those she had, already, given to an officer in the guards.

With a bewitching archness, and voluptuous smile, her light airy form was irresistibly impressive: and although education, I believe, might have attem-

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pered the almost wanton expression of her charms, a French governante, who had been taught morality behind the scenes of the Italian Opera, encouraged, rather than repressed, its too exuberant growth.

When, therefore, the petite brunette flew to the chamber of her governess, and related, all in tears, the commands she had received from her *cruel* father to marry the nasty, gouty, good for nothing, old E—l: Madame, most philosophically taking a pinch of snuff, replied,

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" Eh bien, ma mie—and what of that ?"

" What of that"—re-echoed the indignant Iphigenia.

" Que tu es folle, ma charmante"—replied the *considerate* Duenna, patting her pupil's neck—" look round the " fashionable world, ma petite—what " constitutes all *great* marriages ?

" Why, the desire to be great. You " marry my Lord, and you become ex- " traordinairement riche. You love

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" the Capitaine—he will become extra-
" ordinairement heureux.—Voila l'af-
" faire.—Marriage will give you a li-
" cense to be happy. The Capitaine
" will make you so."

This elegant sophistry won, at once, upon the yielding heart of Iphigenia.—She wiped her eyes, and throwing her arms around her dear instructress, declared herself ready to meet the ceremony.

Every thing was soon arranged: the happy day arrived, and Iphigenia—clad

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in all the decorative pomp which formerly graced the appearance of her namesake at the sacrifice in Aculis—*blushed* her consent to become the Countess of Melbrow.

The day was passed in bridal pomp with her Lord—but the night was devoted to love and to the Captain.

Here the curtain drops—and we resume our narrative.

Edward, an enthusiast in pursuit of

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fashion, took his daily lesson in all the *polite* arts.

He became a subscriber to the Berkeley hounds—entered himself a member of the Newmarket meeting—rode his own horse "*Dennis Brulgruddery*" at Bibury—became one of the Swaffham Coursing Society—and was balloted in at the Bedfont Driving Club.

But with all his desire to be the thing, *the thing* is not so easily acquired; and nothing could be more

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mortifying to his pride, than the exclamation of a Hackney Coachman, who, coolly taking off our hero's near wheel in a croud on Ludgate Hill, exclaimed with a sarcastic grin,

" By Jasus, your honor, you may " *look* like a *Jarvey;* but you *drive* like " a *Jontleman.*"

Meanwhile, the loves of Edward and Maria were not forgotten.

Mr. Grunter was engaged at a dis-

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tant county election*—Mrs. Grunter, too much wrapped up in the contempla-

* At a certain county election, where party spirit was the order of the day—a team of oxen, belonging to one of the candidates, happened to pass, in a waggon, under the park wall of another candidate, while a powdered lacquey was entertaining his companions at the gate with electioneering jests.

Tipping the wink, he said,

"So I suppose, Joey, your team is going to be roasted for your party to day?"

"Yez, master Tummas, and we do be a going "to stew our waggon for yearn pearty."

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tion of her own charms and the gallantry of Edward, to suspect he had another passion—and Miss Grunter was so jealously watched by her squinting lover, and so agreeably flattered by Edward, that she never dreamt of a rival in her sister.

Thus was the field left open for the young adventurers; who, rather than await the dull formalities of asking leave, especially, as that leave was very dubious, procured themselves to be thrice asked at —— Church, without discovery: and on the much wished for

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morning, Edward in the paraphernalia of a livery servant, and the bride modestly attired as my Lady's maid, united their fates.

Four posters awaited at the door, in their barouche; and, without any witness to their happiness, they set off to their country seat, where a tasteful cottage had been hastily finished; and in each other's arms forgot, awhile, that there was a habitable world beyond their honey-suckle hedge.

END OF VOL. I.

SHURY, PRINTER, BERWICK-STREET, SOHO.

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THE BAROUCHE DRIVER

AND

HIS WIFE:

A TALE FOR HAUT TON.

Containing a Curious Biography of Living Characters, with Notes Explanatory.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

By CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.

Author of "The Infidel Mother," "The Mask of Fashion," &c. &c. &c.

THE THIRD EDITION.

Neither the constitution, nor the passions, are the first seducers of youth——
But opinions and manners. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

LONDON:
Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick Street, Soho,
FOR J. F. HUGHES, WIGMORE STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1807.

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THE BAROUCHE DRIVER

AND

HIS WIFE.

In days of yore, the art of charioteering was among the emulative exercises of a warlike youth. Public exhibitions of skill were celebrated on the public courses, and the applause of millions crowned the victor with honour.

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Now, the emulative * genius of the age is to drive helter skelter through the streets, to the imminent danger of children, and the great annoyance of

* Charioteering was one among the Olympic games, held every fifth year at Olympia, in honour of Jupiter Olympius, and has been celebrated by the Greek poets in all the sublimity of verse.

An English *poet—less* sublimely, I confess—thus sings the honours of a modern whip;

What can little T. O. do?
Why, drive a phaeton and two.
Can little T. O. do no more?
Yes—drive a phaeton and four.

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foot passengers—while your tip-toppers of the driving school, who form the B—— Club, urge the powers of assimilation to its utmost bent, by meeting on the day previous to the birth-day, when they parade St. James's-Street in a body, after the manner of the mail-coaches; stop at the different alehouses on their road, frequented by the mail-drivers, refresh with a noggin, and spend their *rational* evening at B——, in making driving betts against time, or against each other, in confirmation of their own prowess, and in contempt of

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the strained exertion of the noble animals they *affect* to love.

Horses and dogs—it may be said—were *created* for the PLEASURES and USES of MANKIND. True—and while those pleasures are distinguished by humanity—while kindness seals the bond of slavery, the obligation between man and beast is mutual.

But when we see the broken-down racer, spavined and wind-galled, lend his raw shoulders to the rough traces

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of a hackney chaise, as he gallops on three legs over a stage of twelve or fourteen miles, it is a distressing instance of ingratitude and barbarity, that the most rigid censor cannot too severely hold up to reprobation.

I remember an anecdote of a famous stallion, whose uncommon speed outstripped all competition: an adventurer, however, was found, sufficiently hardy to run against him, but he lost: upon which he proposed a bet of some thousands, to be run for that day six

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weeks, by his losing horse against any *gelding* in the kingdom.

The hero of the turf accepted this bet, and on the day appointed, just a minute before starting, *qualified* his stallion to run for the purse.

The noble animal was victorious, and dropped down dead at the moment of his master's *triumph!*

Query—Could this gentleman vote against the slave-trade?

Of the dog, philosophically considered, many are the superior inherent qualifications, at which human nature might blush: and nothing less than scepticism will deny to this sagacious animal—that men, women, and children often contemptuously spurn—an almost unlimited power of comprehension.

I am led, in the contemplation of this subject, to advert to the character, generally, of the canine race, as elegantly given by a gentleman who calls himself "*an Old Sportsman.*"

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" The dog, independent of the beau-
" ty of his formation, his almost inva-
" riable vivacity, his strength, and
" swiftness, has all the interior qualities
" to attract the attention and esteem of
" man.

" When once domesticated, he almost
" instantly—and, as it were, instinct-
" ively—exerts his talents in the execu-
" tion of his office. With the utmost
" humility in his manner, and pene-
" trative property in his eye, he ap-
" proaches his master at every interval
" of possibility; and, submissively ob-

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" truding himself upon his attention,
" endeavors to demonstrate the powers
" he possesses, and only waits his mas-
" ter's orders to call them into action.

" The moment he has obtained the
" attention thus solicited, he watches
" every look and action, that he may
" the better conceive the intents and
" suggestions, or anticipate the wishes,
" of his master.

" He consults, interrogates, and en-
" treats. A glance of the eye is suffi-
" cient for his quick conception: he in-

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" stantly comprehends its meaning, and
" either advances or retreats, according
" to the occasion.

" Without the degrading vices of
" man, he possesses all the ardour of
" sentiment: and being perfectly pure
" in his attachments, those, once form-
" ed, he supports with unsullied fideli-
" ty, and the most inviolable affection.

" Incessantly alive to every discover-
" able sensation of his master, he dis-
" plays no predominant proof of am-
" bition, or interest, beyond the an-

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" xious desire of obeying, and the fear
" of displeasing, him.

" In every action, he is all zeal—all
" warmth—all obedience—all grati-
" tude!—More sensible to the inspiring
" effects of favours spontaneously con-
" ferred, than of injuries ill deserved;
" he very soon *forgets* the one, but ne-
" ver fails to *remember* the other.

" If reproof or correction is injudi-
" ciously offered, or unjustly adminis-
" tered, he seldom, if ever, gives
" proof of pusillanimity, in running

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" away to avoid the punishment; but,
" most philosophically, and heroically,
" opposes patience to persecution, and
" submissively licks the hand which in-
" flicts the blow;—opposing them only
" by his sensations of sorrow:—ulti-
" mately disarming his tormentor of
" resentment, by the most affecting and
" impressive supplications blended with
" unconditional submission.

" To these inherent principles of pe-
" netration he adds a profound and al-
" most incredible sagacity; and his
" powers of hearing, seeing, and smell-

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" ing, act in perfect unison with each
" other.

" He discriminates, at first sight, be-
" tween the higher classes, and the
" lower orders, of society: the former
" he will receive at the door, and con-
" duct to the family parlour with the
" politeness of a courtier: the latter he
" keeps aloof, with the sternness of a
" sheriff's officer.

" Upon the approach of night, he is
" so well aware of its impressive still-
" ness, so favourable to depredation,

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" that he is instinctively determined,
" and always prepared, for action; but
" to conceive, in its full extent, the im-
" portance of this species of human na-
" ture, let us suppose that it never ex-
" isted.

" Without the assistance of the dog,
" how could man have conquered,
" tamed, or reduced the other animals
" to a state of slavery? How could he
" still discover, hunt down, and destroy
" noxious and savage beasts?

" Hence the training of the dog

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" seems to have been the first art in-
" vented by man; and the result of
" this art was the conquest, and peace-
" able possession, of the earth."

And yet this noble animal is used for *sports* at which a Hottentot would shudder.

Sport, to whom?

To the fashionable and high-born heroes of a bull-bait—the dignified patrons of mercenary pugilists—the exemplary champions of a cock-fight!

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I cannot dismiss this subject—altho' bull-baiting has been publicly denominated in the H—— of C—— "*a* "*characteristic sport, necessary to keep* "*alive the spirit of the nation*"—without detailing an instance of its savage properties, to be found in the Sportsman's Cabinet.

"It is universally known among the "lovers of bull-dogs, and bull-baiting, "that when once exasperated by an "opponent, or encouraged by the own-"er, no pain or punishment will allay,

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" or induce the dog to swerve from
" his purpose.

" In confirmation of *this fact*, a ju-
" venile amateur of the *sublime and*
" *beautiful*—some years ago—inhuman-
" ly confident in the pure blood, and
" instinctive courage, of his dog, pro-
" posed *a trifling wager*, that he would,
" at four distinct intervals, deprive the
" animal of one of his feet by amputa-
" tion; and, that after every indivi-
" dual deprivation, his dog should at-
" tack the bull with his previous fero-

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"city; and that, lastly, he should con-
"tinue to do so *upon his stumps.*"

The hellish experiment justified his position; the *polished* youth pocketed his wager—and retired, humming an Opera air.

Still fashion delights in these *sentimental* exercises of the genius; and who shall presume to have feelings in opposition to its fiat?

Even young ladies of rank, beauty,

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and accomplishment will listen with complacency to the detail, and wish they had been spectators of these national sports.

For *they* have, likewise, their humane amusements.

They will introduce you to their museums, and exultingly describe how, by constant practice, they have acquired the skill so to impale their insects and their butterflies, that the agonies of retiring life, though slow, do not derange the beauty or symmetry of their appearance, when dead.

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But these elegancies are among the exclusive properties of high life; for ties of blood, and all the social connections of life, intended by nature to arouse the sensibilities of the heart, and to purify it from selfishness, are emotions unacknowledged by the world of fashion.

Moving in a certain fixed orbit, the man of ton neither sees, nor thinks, of the calamities of his fellow-creatures: and if, by chance, they should approach him, he turns from the sight with polite disgust.

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Hence, feeling little for his own class, he feels nothing for the brute creation: and if his heart do not guide him to honour—do his principles?

No—believe me; principles of modish honour are as limited as they are loose.

To all these fashionable accomplishments, and to ten thousand others, our Barouche-driver and his Wife devoted themselves with tenfold energy.

For a whole fortnight—it is true—

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they only breathed within each other's arms; but, at the expiration of that period, as

"Violent delights have violent ends,
"And in their triumph die"——

Edward began to recollect the pleasures of the world, from which he was self-secluded; and Maria, as she yawned over her coffee, would sigh for the town, and all its dear delights.

Ambition, hitherto the embryo of her bosom, matured, as it were, at

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once—she gasped for the boundless joys of dissipation—to reign high priestess of her own midnight orgies, the envy of a fluttering croud.

With tempting youth, and exquisitely delicate symmetry of form—with a smile that beamed, apparently, with every softened emotion—vanity was her ruling passion, and SELF her darling idol.

Scarcely had she mingled with the world, in the character of a wife, ere her spirit unfolded itself in the way-

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ward, termagant, and haughty caprices of a weak mind, scattered with neglected principles.

Edward, no less the slave of fashionable prejudice—no less the tool of vanity—rather encouraged than repressed the splendid arrangements of his lady's prolific fancy, in decorating their house in Grosvenor-Square.

Their hasty marriage was—though ungraciously—forgiven by Mr. Grunter, who presented the bride with five thousand guineas for pocket-money.

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Mrs. Grunter and Miss Grunter had also yielded a compelled forgiveness; but I believe every female heart will feel, that it is not easy to forgive the pangs of jealousy.

Having given the reader "the out-"ward and visible signs" of these wealthy Asiatics, we will just take a peep at their "inward and spiritual "grace."

Mr. Grunter—formerly Mr. Soames —was the son of an honest coal-heaver; and having, early in life, discovered

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great natural talent, which the instructions of a charity-school tended to develope, his father was advised to send him to India.

With "a modest cadence of body, "and a conciliating co-operation of the "whole mon," our young adventurer soon contrived to get his foot on the first step of ambition's ladder; and having, by his bowing and his smiling, made successive fortunate advances, the little coal-heaver was eventually changed into a little nabob.

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At this period, G— Holborn— whose intuitive genius had raised him from a shoe-black to his high command—struck with Mr. Seames's persevering talents, sent him to England to marry his daughter.

Like the *sublime* author of "The "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," we will take a hop, step, and jump over intervening years, and present the little coal-heaver and his family to the town, such as they were in their early splendid career of Asiatic greatness.

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Miss Grunter had, just, attained her fifteenth year, and was the lovely rival of mamma, blooming in her thirty-first year. A second daughter, and a son, formed the remainder of the family.

A gay, elegant, dashing young fellow, with more spirit, vivacity, and pleasantry—than cash, became alike the favourite of mamma and her daughter—his name Fogerty.

Miss was determined—married—and discarded: but, as her head was *then*

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full of love, and her heart replete with transport, she only mocked the impotent menaces of her enraged parents.

Poverty, however, coming in at the door, Love flew out at the window—and although every effort was made by the still enamoured husband to give a luxurious variety to the enjoyments of his wife, her vitiated soul panted for forbidden fruit—tasted—and was self-expelled from Paradise.

A little dapper captain of dragoons—related to the St. Giles's beauty—with

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all the irresistible *curiosity* of eighteen, was the first happy *Devil* to present the tempting apple to our modern *Eve*. But with the inconstancy natural to his age, he soon sought another banquet.

How the interregnum was filled up, my memoranda do not declare; but Mrs. Fogerty's last gallantry breathes a spirit of enterprise and energetic genius, unachieved in former annals, even by the most experienced veterans in the school of dissipated love.

Devoted to her squinting lover—by

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philtre, magic, or other wonder-working power—she first determined to renounce, and then to ruin her husband, that she might bask upon the mossy banks of love unheeded and undisturbed.

Fired by the gloriously-projected mischief, and fertile in depravity, she sought her hitherto relentless father; and, with the honeyed accents of persuasion, won him to her purpose—

—"For she could smile and smile, and be a "villain"....

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In consequence of this tête-à-tête—while the unhappy dupe, her husband, was ornamenting their little cottage to *her* taste—while the squinting hero eat of his meat—drank of his drink—and was, unto him, as a brother—mark what was done!

Mr. Grunter—a name Mr. Soames assumed with a fortune of nearly three hundred thousand pounds, left him by a brother nabob—arrested Mr. Fogerty for monies he had advanced during his three years' marriage:—Mrs. Fogerty applied to the Court for protection

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against as———n; and his bosom-friend, squinting Jemmy Rourke, appeared as chief evidence against him!

Virtuous poverty, however, rising superior to all the malignant artifices of a wealthy demon, Mr. Fogerty is not only uncrushed, but stands, firmly, on the pedestal of honour; and *will* awe the reptiles into shame, senseless as they are, till they are compelled to shrink from public detestation, like snails within their shells.

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Having failed in establishing the *brutality* of Mr. Fogerty towards his *angel* wife—for such does she *outwardly* appear—the prolific nabob has *wisely* resolved to unmarry his *chaste* daughter—who is, now, known only as Miss Grunter—and, pending the declared nullity of the marriage, squinting Jemmy is *kept*, by the family, for the *amusement* of the young lady; to qualify her to meet some ruined lord, hereafter, without the *awkward* blushes of a bride:—for so it is, men are to be tempted by the splendors of a brilliant fortune—at which desired event, it is settled that

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the squinting hero shall retire on a pension, in consideration of past services.

With her husband, this beautiful delinquent deserted her child, who shares a father's prison, and contributes, by his infant sufferings, to make that father greater in adversity.

Such is the rank garden from whence the beauteous weed is sprung, which Edward has mistaken for an unenvenomed flower.

Profligacy is like a snow-ball—scarce-

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ly perceptible at first, but magnifying in its progress; and the ill-fated Maria entered the great world under all its baneful influence.

Educated by an unprincipled mother; the associate of a depraved sister: she was trained, to the allurements of fashion instead of virtue—to speak by rule—to say exactly, and to do exactly, what was strictly tonish—to copy all the silly actions, and echo all the silly witticisms of any fashionable fool—and, above all, never to offend against decorum by neglecting appearances.

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And, as if destiny had not sufficiently sapped the foundation of every moral virtue by this pernicious system of tuition—too prevalent with fashionable mammas—a hasty marriage with a giddy boy, whose very soul was wedded to every new and coming pleasure, assisted her, too soon, to reach the climax of dissipation.

Edward became the intimate of every fashionable blackleg, and took lessons on the science of gambling.

But what are arithmetical calcula-

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tions, opposed to the *art* of cutting, shuffling, and cogging?

My Lord Massy wins thousands upon thousands every year—

"But Brutus is an honourable man."

A cool head does wonders; it *permits* a gentleman to desert his own wife, and to take upon himself the incumbrance of a friend's—

And nothing could be more cool than the arrangement.

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" No peeping behind the curtain " without paying, my lord,"—was the *proviso* of the lady.

" Agreed—I love your candor, by " my soul"—replied his Lordship.

" Well, then, make me a settlement " of twelve hundred per annum, and " here's my hand."

He kissed it rapturously;—the writings were drawn, and the happy pair eloped.

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An elegant, but small establishment, gives to this *amiable* couple all the refined indulgences of sentimental life; a luxurious conservatory has been erected for the purposes of contemplation, where my Lord *practises* the ways and means; and my Lady, on a sultry evening, *realizes* them.

Our hero had, also, been initiated into other mysteries. A certain Countess, who, as an *artist*, claims the preeminence of honorary R. A., soon marked his manly beauties for her own.

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A Countess!—Who could resist?—Not the vain, fluttering coxcomb, who pursues notoriety with as much avidity as Sir Joseph Banks once pursued the Emperor of Morocco.

Edward left the invigorating charms of, hitherto, unadulterated beauty, to nauseate in the arms of an enamelled doll.

Meanwhile our heroine, too stylish to be jealous of her husband, had likewise found a favorite.

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sporting race course—the Barouche-driver and his Wife returned to London, to prepare for the splendors of the ensuing campaign.

Nothing remarkable had occurred on the turf, except the novelty at the Y— Meeting, of a dashing demirep—moved to the folly by a mountebank keeper—riding against a gentleman for a thousand guineas; who, with a heart of FLINT, first *beat* his *spirited* antagonist, and then *beat* her *spiritless* friend, who bore the horsewhipping with great philosophy;—but what will not habit do?

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Masquerading being, this winter, the order of the day, Mrs. Ormsby determined, immediately after the birth-day, to issue one thousand tickets for a masked ball—to engage the police-officers—and to appoint T——d * *arbiter*

* This *facetious gentleman* having, one day, met the D— of C——— in Pall-Mall, H. R. H. *most condescendingly* stopped to ask him the news:

"Well, T———d, and what does the world, "now, say of me?"

"Nay, I don't know, Y. R. H.; it is but a "queerish world."

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modorum in the great hall, for the purpose of rejecting all forged tickets.

This species of entertainment has been, for some time, almost expelled by haut-ton; the Asiatic splendors of Mrs. Broadbottom, and others of her compeers, having destroyed competition.

Indeed, the profusion of the eastern

"Well, T———d, *I don't care*, that's one "comfort, what they say."

"No, Y. R. H., you'd be a *d——'d fool* if "you did."

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world is so little calculated for the meridian of untravelled intellects, that we can fancy ourselves possessed of Aladdin's lamp, while treading on the fairy scenery.

At a rural breakfast given in the year 1792, the following was among the elegantly unique fantasies of exotic taste.

" Dressed in all the gala magnificence
" of eastern grandeur, Mrs. B——
" represented the Queen of Nouradjad,
" or *the light of the world, in the garden*
" *of roses.*

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" The lady had long resided at the
" Court of Lucknow, and was, charac-
" teristically, a queen.

" Reclined on a velvet cushion, in an
" Indian saloon, the lady embraced a
" hooker * which breathed the choicest
" odours round the room; the dra-

* *Smoking* is not a *new* accomplishment with English ladies. The lovely G— G—, taught, by her political mother, that the surest way to make others think with ourselves, was to *affect* their opinions, *smoked* herself, at Paris, into the good GRACES of her ennobled husband.

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" pery and furniture of which was su-
" perbly classical.

" Otto of roses was sprinkled on the
" company, and the whole house emit-
" ted the most delicious perfumes.

" Each person was presented to her
" Indian majesty, and every lady re-
" ceived, from an attendant Grace, a
" lottery ticket, all of which were
" prizes.

" Her G— of R——— drew the se-
" cond highest prize; but the *gros lot*

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" did not leave the wheel till the end
" of the drawing, when it was present-
" ed by the hostess, on her knees, to
" the beauteous Nouradjah."

The evening arrived, when Maria Ormsby—richly gifted with personal charm and mental accomplishment, and panting with delight—took post to receive her motley guests.

Our heroine was a blazing meteor—an ignis fatuus in the world of fashion, whose brilliant sparks electrified the croud.

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Polite, affable, insinuating, and sprightly, she filled the arduous duties of the evening with unexampled grace and bewitching vivacity.

A masquerade is a fashionable jumble of fashionable people, gathered together in a *monstrous* croud, to see and to be seen: and if its best attribute be glare, profusion, and ornament, *certes* the lovely Mrs. Ormsby was second to no one in those material points.

The entrance, and grand staircase, —lined with rare and aromatic shrubs—

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led to a suite of drawing-rooms furnished with scarlet silk in black drapery; the walls pannelled in alternate mirrors and highly-executed paintings, with burnished borderings. The cielings represented a clear azure sky.

The floorings were tastefully laid out in chalks, and each room was furnished with ottomans. Vases burnt in every corner with exquisite perfumes, and brilliant lustres gave meridian splendor to the scene.

In the garden, a temporary pavillion

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was erected, for the supper; at the extremity of which, an airy orchestra contained the Pandean band; and an immense bronzed eagle issued, as it were, from the center of the cieling, with extended wings, grasping a thunderbolt which flashed with illuminated gas, in almost terrific splendor.

Grottos interspersed among the trees, all of which were illuminated in tasteful devices, gave recess to minstrels with wind instruments, that, at intervals, broke suddenly upon the ear, and charmed the senses.

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Dominos were inadmissible; so that the sombre was altogether exploded.

Varied, fanciful, and rich were the dresses displayed on this grand occasion; but novelty went little farther.

Of the characters, a groupe of twelve, exactly resembling the four kings, queens, and knaves of a pack of cards, excited much attention; they amused the company with an interlude, describing the jealousy of the kings—the levity of the queens—the friponnerie of

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the knaves; which latter, after a change of ingenious and humorous devices, succeed in eloping with the queens.

A quack doctor, dressed in ancient costume—his wig wholly composed of eggs, beginning with a wheatear's, and ending with the goose's.

His servant was loaded with a basket of bon-bons and small phials of exquisite liqueur, which were plentifully distributed among the ladies.

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A father confessor *, with a portly paunch, that did not disgrace the refectory of his convent, advanced into the croud, with a solemn step, counting a large rosary dependent from his girdle.

"Holy father"—said a young pilgrim, humbly advancing—"I am a "sinner, and much do I need your holy "consolation."

"Be more assured, my son: there is

* This grave personage was represented by Mr. Jemmy Rourke, the squinting lover.

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" always mercy, in Heaven, for the
" penitent."

" Father—can you administer to a
" mind diseased?"

" Yea, my son, and willingly I give
" mine ear unto thy confession."

" Father—I had a wife, whom I
" loved with an idolatry offensive to
" the Most High—I suffer a living pur-
" gatory for the crime—for she has de-
" serted me—blasted all my fondest

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" hopes of happiness—left me to de-
" spair."

" Well—well—my son"—rather agi-
tated—" be comforted: the Lord
" giveth, and the Lord taketh away.
" She was unworthy thy exalted passion.
" Think of her no more—so shall thy
" mind be cleansed from all pollution."

" Father".... raising his voice—" I
" had a friend!"

" Well!...." starting.

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" Father, I loved him as myself; he " was the sharer of my bosom's secrets; " I confided my wife to his protection, " father; but.....

" Proceed, my son"—speaking in tones scarcely articulate.

" He was a villain, father !"

The father's agitation became excessive, and he burst through the croud that had been collected by this curious dialogue, to seek support against an opposite pillar.

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Meanwhile young Lucifer was discovered through his sheep's clothing, and the hoax of the evening was—

"Father, canst thou administer to a mind diseased?"

The attention was soon afterwards removed to a mask of more than common singularity.

A colossal German of distinction, who had great curiosity to see a masquerade, but feared to venture in the croud, as he could not utter a syllable

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of English, was prevailed upon, by a quizzing friend, to appear in the character of a baby in a cradle.

Conceive this Westphalian monster laid out in a cradle upon wheels, dressed in a beautiful lace cap, with a double border, in small plaits, and a rose of white ribbon pinned at the side.

His obliging friend rolled him round the room, to the great entertainment of the company, and then, with a bon soir, left him to his contemplations.

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To prevent accidents, the poor German was so strapped down in his wicker prison, that he had no power to release himself. The company, one after the other, came to look at him—peeping under the head of the cradle, "like "magpies into a marrow-bone;" but the baby growing impatient of restraint, and irritated by ridicule, in vain roared out his impotent curses. The ladies still ran eagerly to peep at him, and as eagerly ran away again.

Lastly, let me describe an admirable mask in the character of "THE NEWS,"

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who blew a small horn; and having every now and then collected crouds around him, distributed advertisements extraordinary to the company.

The following, for masquerade point, and originality, we transcribe.

" Whereas, I have not yet been able " to find a man whom I can love, and " as the heart must have an object, I " have contracted a general desire to " please, either by politeness—as a fol- " lower of fashion—or as an agreeable " scandal monger—not, however, per-

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" mitting myself to degenerate into ab-
" solute malice or coquetry.

" An invincible love of liberty, and
" a certain taste for idleness and ease,
" which render every thing, like au-
" thority, insupportable to my nature,
" have hitherto prevented me from
" marrying.

" I have never discovered any man
" so superior as to command me—so
" amiable as to enslave me—so void of
" character as to be my puppet—so dis-
" creet and faithful as to be my friend.'

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" I have a mind too elevated—a heart
" too timid—and an imagination too
" ardent—to be the subject of a conti-
" nued delusion.

" I *would* not command; nor *will* I
" obey any man.

" I wish for a social friend, with
" whom I may pass the remainder of
" my days, united by the purest, the
" truest, and most virtuous sentiments:
" to live with each other free from all
" constraint: neither reserve, false de-
" licacy, nor vanity should be admitted

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" of our party: music, interesting
" reading, the society of some well-
" informed and highly educated man,
" to fill up our lives.

" If, therefore, there is to be found
" a *woman*, between the ages of twenty-
" six and thirty-six, of a good healthful
" constitution and moral character—
" who has been well brought up—with
" a pure and sensible heart, reasonable
" and unaffected mind, and correct
" taste; who possesses politeness, fe-
" minine softness, prudence, sincerity
" —to such a woman I would gladly

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" offer the unqualified participation of
" my friendship, my house, and my
" fortune.

" I could wish that she were neither
" ugly, nor absolutely poor: and if
" the particulars I enumerate chance to
" meet the approbation they are in-
" tended to claim, I shall expect an an-
" swer equally frank with my proposal.
" Let it enumerate her good qualities,
" and her failings.

" At my house she will find an income
" adequate to the genteel indulgences

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" of life, a servant at her own particu-
" lar command, a carriage, a suit of
" apartments, and the range of a beau-
" tiful and romantic garden, in a de-
" lightful county.

" She shall eat either with me, or
" alone, as her inclination, for the day,
" prompts: she shall make a trial of
" my disposition for a twelvemonth;
" and the only bar I make is, that she
" be not a French woman, a Jewess, or
" a woman of quality."

It was broad day long before the

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rooms were cleared of masks, and Maria Ormsby, enchanted with the elegant fatigue she had suffered, anticipated the charming paragraphs with which the convenient Morning Post would celebrate her magnificent gala.

"How infinitely happy I am!"—she exclaimed, looking round on the deserted rooms—"I shall make such a "noise in town!—I shall be so divinely "hated by all petty pretenders to fa-"shion!—so sweetly envied by the no-"bility!.... Heigho! I shall die with "excess of pleasure."

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Poor deluded trifler!—what is become of the spell of love, which so forcibly, a few short months ago, attracted you to your husband? Where that virtue, good sense, and delicacy, without which the charm must dissolve? Where the mutual kindness and the mutual esteem that make a man and wife dearer and more estimable to each other than all the world beside?

Yet, you are happy.

HAPPY in the unlimited indulgence of

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capricious levities—HAPPY in the ambitious pursuit of extravagant follies—HAPPY in the mutually eager endearments of illicit love—

Good Heaven!.... *What a happiness!*

Charles Dixon was her shadow; but scandal did not touch her fame. An unreserved confidence appeared to exist between Edward and his wife; they neither shunned nor sought each other: no bickerings—no upbraidings: Edward went his way—Maria went hers:

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so that they were esteemed by all the town to be a most amiable, and very happy, couple.

Among the females most distinguished by Mrs. Ormsby's friendship, I shall select a bevy of artificial beauties, who lived in mutual confidence.

They graced the gardens in a groupe —walked arm in arm every evening in Portman-Square—and contrived their engagements inseparably from each other.

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Never were there more fervent devotees at the shrine of *pleasure* than these ladies: and there *was* a time when youth, a clear brown skin, and animated black eyes, left them few competitors.

But, it has been remarked, that female vanities never die; and when the rose of beauty fades, it hath been found expedient to new tint the colouring, as an artist would a decaying picture.

Those, therefore, who remember these ladies, some fourteen or fifteen

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years ago, sportive as Hebes, blooming with the ruddy blush of playful exercise, must not appear too much surprised at finding them, *now*, candle-light blondes; and, in public, such still pieces of machinery, that they fear to smile, lest they should crack their faces; and dread to turn their heads, in compliment to their highly varnished necks.

Not that they are *really* pieces of still life. On private occasions, and in private places, they can gambol with the playfulness of kittens.

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It would be scandalous to argue aught against the reputation of these mysterious ladies.

All the neighbourhood of G——— Place bear witness to their chastity; notwithstanding a jealous-pated wife or two—certain troublesome Mrs. Oakleys, who will not be happy themselves, nor suffer others to be so—have sometimes, most impertinently, sent to a certain widow's, when Mamma has been away, in *search* of a strayed sposo; and, at other times, committed a like extravagance of humour, in *supposing*

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they *could* be hid in a lady's chamber, when her husband was, notoriously, out of town.

All envy, hatred, malice, and other uncharitableness!—Yet, there are persons who will SAY *and* SELE it too.

To do nothing, *publicly*, which might give offence to the vulgar, is the arcana of preserving a reputation, either in man, or woman: follow this maxim, and you may enjoy life, *à la sourdine*, as if it were divested of all moral ties,

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and made up only of pleasures, fleeting as our own existence.

Nothing, scarcely, agitated the politics of fashion, but the Ormsby entertainments: they were allowed, nem. con. to be monstrously divine—the very climax of wonderment.

The Ormsby cap!—the Ormsby robe!—the Ormsby divorce!—the Ormsby dickie!

All the new fashions given by Ma-

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dame Lanchester, in her elegant Magazin—all the fashions in the Belle Assemblée—from the slipper to the lace handkerchief that fantastically bandeaus the head, or veils the face of beauty, were invariably distinguished by "the "Ormsby."

A fashionable toothpick was called the Ormsby whim—and every article of bijouterie was distinguished by that magical name.

Our heroine, soon after, became a lady patroness of the A—— Street In-

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stitution, and voted the Royal Institution to be "A GREAT BORE."

The managers were at her feet; they wrote verses upon her—and columns of the Morning Post groaned with her panegyric.

At her command, an extra benefit was conferred on the divine C——.

It was not enough that the town should have almost died with rapture at the brilliancy of her execution—the sweetness and vast compass of her voice

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—the rapidity of her transitions—the facility with which she reached the highest note, or descended to the lowest... ..No:

The Ormsby and the C——— were the two greatest personages in the kingdom--(*respectfully omitting All the Talents*) —on the same parallel that Abellino and the Duke of Venice are assimilated, by the Bravo, to each other—the *fanaticism per la musica* was to have more senses, than the ear, enchanted—the eyes were to be the Sir Clement Cotterels to the soul—all mankind was to be magnet-

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ised—for lo!.....but "tell it not "in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Askalon"—the town was to be presented with the most interesting of all possible spectacles.....

C—— in breeches!!!

Oh! 'twas such a charming novelty —so much conception in the idea—

C—— in breeches!!! *

Orders were given by all the nobility, to their coachmen, to get up at all ha-

* A black coat, white waistcoat, and nankeen *pantaloons*. What a disappointment!

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zards: no respect to be had to persons, pannels, or poles; and the Haymarket was as fully jammed up with coroneted equipages, before the opening of the doors, as it is on a market day with hay carts.

Never before had such a mob of nobles been collected at the avenues of the Opera-house: not even at the memorable masquerade given by the King of Denmark.

Opera glasses were to be let, for the evening, like Opera hats—every body

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wanted a peep; from Master Jackey, just out of his Westminster trammels, to sly Old Q. in the corner: and the event justified the expectation.

Speaking of the C——, as a public singer, I am warranted in these remarks. All public characters are exposed to the scourge of satire, and the lash of ridicule. I exclaim, in the language of George Colman, to the *narcotic hero* of his prematurely d——d play,

"*You* are my goods, my chattels, my "horse, my ass—my any thing."

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But when I speak of Madame C—— in her private character, I take pleasure in the tribute I am enabled to offer to her worth.

Mild, amiable, and unassuming in her domestic life; humble in receiving, and gratefully appreciating, the public favor.

Indeed, her early habits were of the most retired nature. She had devoted her youth to the unnatural glooms of a cloister; but during her noviciate, the wonderful powers of her voice display-

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ed themselves, as she joined in chaunting the matin and the vesper service.

She was, in consequence, released from the fetters of religious bigotry; and once more given to the world.

Those passions, however, whose placidity had offered no objection to the monastic vow, assumed a more imperious tone when practically called into action: and, as love is blind, it was her ill-fortune to enslave her affections unworthily.

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The object of her choice was one of those characters—common in every great city—who live comme il plaisoit à Dieu: but as rough pebbles, jingled in a bag, acquire a sort of polish, so these chevaliers, from mingling at the gaming table, acquire a bastard air of fashion.

At all events, the anti-religieuse was captivated with the scavoir-vivre of Monsieur's air; released him from prison; and married him at the expense of six thousand louis d'ors paid among his creditors.

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A reformed rake, it is said, makes a good husband. May the generosity and affection of this lady be repaid by the verification of the proverb!

A predestinarian would say, that Fate had reduced all the materialism of enjoyment to a single focus; for scarcely had a few hours of sleep tended to compose the disturbed nerves of all our fashionables, after the evening's banquet, ere their *finest feelings* were again invited to a feast.

Reader—it was Mendoza's benefit!

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With the exception of ladies, the croud of the preceding evening were all assembled at the scene of action, where the sparring took place in the following order.

Mendoza and Spittone,
Belcher and Hikey Peak,
Jones and Cropley,
Wood and Cody,
Tring and Mendoza,
Little Puss and Dixon.

The croud was so excessive, that one third of the visitors were excluded as

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spectators: but those who could see were most pleasurably delighted with the scene, which called forth reiterated thunders of cordial applause.

But when Mr. Mendoza came forward at the close of the entertainment, in the manner, and with the dignity, of a K——, to apologize for the non-appearance of Gulley, Crib, Dutch Sam, and Young Belcher—all, deservedly, great favourites—a groan of disappointment echoed through the croud.

These tokens of mortification were,

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however, followed by loud clappings, when it was announced that those gentlemen were in training, and proposed, very shortly, to have the honour of gratifying their most noble patrons with a public exhibition of their pugilistic powers—due notice of which would be given in all the morning papers.

The ensuing week was distinguished by a walking-match against time.

Our hero had undertaken, for a wager of one thousand guineas, to walk from a given point at Pimlico, to

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Datchet Bridge, and return in five hours and a half—the distance upwards of forty miles.

To enable himself the better to enjoy this polite and rational amusement, Edward had been six weeks living on raw beef steaks; and, under the tuition of a skilful practitioner, was daily exercised in carrying a load up Primrose-Hill, which load was proportionally increased with his increasing wind.

The odds were against his winning

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at starting; but having reached Datchet considerably within half of his time, the odds changed. He lost, however, by seven seconds.

Fashion, thus madly pursued, is a whirlpool that drowns the senses in its irresistible vortex: yet it is denominated the *whirlpool of pleasure*, and all gaily dash forward in the deceitful torrent.

Of all public places, that most to be approved is, certainly, the Fashionable Institution.

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By the standing rules, the company cannot be otherwise than select. Ladies and gentlemen may lounge the promenade, at their ease, free from the intrusion of *vulgar* fashionables; and unjostled, either by a w——, or a pick-pocket.

Let us return to the all-fascinating Mrs. Ormsby.

Devoted to Charles Dixon—as much as woman could be, whose head was stuffed with vanity, and whose heart was wedded to folly—platonic attach-

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ments, and sentimental friendships, became quite the rage.

Every lady of ton—married or unmarried—had her *Inseparable;* but no one was more envied the post of *honor* than Charles Dixon.

Charles was exactly made up to be a lady's plaything: gaiety, good-humor, and badinage were the chief ingredients of his character; and fortune, by a lucky hit, made talent and exertion two supernumeraries unwanted in his establishment.

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The father of Charles had been a merchant, trading in the city, in co-partnership with his *only* son—for Charles was a child of love—and being of a speculative disposition, he entered into a sort of wild-goose scheme of considerable magnitude; in support of which, it became necessary to give securities to a great amount.

Young Dixon, consequently, was called upon by his father to join in these securities, which he peremptorily refused to do, alledging them to be of a ruinous tendency.

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The old gentleman, thus constrained, applied elsewhere; and his sanguine expectations were, ultimately, crowned with most ample success.

From this moment, he discarded his son; who, at the next election, lost his seat for want of his father's support—his prospects, also, declined; till he actually found himself under confinement in the Fleet.

Nothing could move the revengeful spirit of the old gentleman, who was,

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now, immensely rich, and who gloried in his son's distress.

He made his will, bequeathing to Charles the whole of his fortune, conditionally, that he forfeited the same, if he ever assisted his brother, in any way whatsoever.

At his father's death, Charles found himself in possession of a considerable sum in money, and landed estates to the value of some thousands per annum.

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What a pretty pigeon, fully fledged, and ready for picking!

Under all the inconsiderate ardour of youth, Charles thought himself invested with the purse of Fortunatus.

Profusely liberal, his table was regulated without system; and his guests invited without distinction. Any man of fashion, unengaged for the day, was sure to meet the delicacies of the season, enlivened with Burgundy and Champaigne, in ——— Street. In short, Charles Dixon was a d—d fine fellow.

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At the gaming table he lost his money in a double way—by playing and by lending; but still he could seize upon a scrap of paper, and the talismanic characters of his name, like the magic tones of "Open, Sesame!" unclosed the treasury at Drummond's, and invested him with the golden spoil.

Fashionables will, no doubt, suppose the thoughtless prodigal was rigidly obedient to his father's will, and never bestowed a thought on his imprisoned brother.

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Not so—Charles has a heart to feel, and principles to act upon: these he indulged at the imminent risk of his fortune; contriving, by every practicable subterfuge, to relieve the pecuniary difficulties of the discarded son.

A few short years, however, convinced Charles, that his golden mines were not inexhaustible; and then, in imitation of his namesake, in the School for Scandal, he made free with the family canvas.

A loss at faro—an unlucky bet on the

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turf—and similar mischances—were paid off with a Rubens, a Teniers, or a Vandyke.

Meanwhile, his softer hours were devoted to gentle dalliance with the yielding fair; and his reputation—whatever his practice—ranked high in the annals of gallantry.

Success, 'tis said, is the enemy of caution; and Charles was awakened to a sense of his follies by a crim. con. action which deprived him of five thousand pounds.

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Experience, now, began to gain a hearing: Charles called in his bills—set seriously to work in regulating his affairs—and, from this management, founded on reformation, he enjoys a snug income of about four thousand a year—a seat in parliament for his own borough—an entrée into every polite circle—and an unqualified reputation as being the most amiable Philander of the age.

One morning, the lovely Ormsby requested an interview with Edward at breakfast—for, although they lived in

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the same house, they did not suffer their uncertain hours to disturb each others repose: he attended the summons with a smile.

"Oh, my *dear* Edward"—said the coaxing syren—"how kind you are, "and how much I want you!—Come, "you must be more than good-na- "tured, for I have a monstrous great "favour to ask of you."

"Ask any thing, my dearest Maria, "only do not look so provokingly "lovely. By Heaven, you are the

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" most beautiful creature in the uni-
" verse!"—clasping her to his bosom, and embracing her.

" Oh, you vile flatterer, to tell me I
" look handsome, when I have not had
" a wink of sleep all night, and could
" almost die with vexation.....but
" tell me"—taking his hand, and look-
ing with bewitching entreaty....." will
" you grant my request?"

" Name it"—

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" I want ten thousand pounds, Ed-
" ward."

" Ten thousand pounds, Madam!—
" For God's sake, do you take me for
" the goose that laid the golden eggs?
" ——But answer me, Madam—how
" *dare* you have occasion for *such* a
" sum?"

" Dare, Sir!...." contemptuously.

" Yes, Madam.... dare! Your first
" season in town is not yet over—

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" Where are the five thousand guineas
" your father gave you? Your trades-
" men's bills, I think, you do not take
" the trouble of paying, and I presented
" you with your jewels."

" And pray, Sir, are there no other
" elegant expenses inseparable from the
" habits of a woman of fashion?—
" Mean wretch! This is what I get by
" marrying a paltry attorney's clerk."
She paced the room in violent agi-
tation.

As, the autumnal day, at morn, is

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decked in all the splendors of that glorious luminary, whose cheering rays reanimate all-drooping nature, and extend its benign influence to the lowly peasant and the high born prince.....

As suddenly the heavens are obscured —loud thunders roll—the vivid lightnings flash—and surcharged clouds burst in torrents over the deluged earth.....

And as, again, a calm serenity clothes nature in delusive smiles—the feathered songster warbles where the thunders

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pealed, and all things reassume a cheerful aspect.....

So, fared it with the Barouche-driver and his Wife. The scene, *so lovingly* begun, had wholly changed its tone; and flashes of resentment, keenly emanating from either eye, portended the approaching storm.

Happily, a loud knocking at the door disturbed their conference. Maria tripped gaily to the drawing-room, and received her guests with smiles of welcome.

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"My dearest Lady G——, how de-
"lighted I am to see you! Where
"have you been these thousand years?"

"Oh, my love, I am quite dead—
"Don't I look horrible?"

"Divinely, 'pon honor."

"Indeed, I *must* die—Only conceive,
"went last night to Lady Trundle-
"sham's—such a mob—but nobody
"there—the exertion of going among
"those abominable cits is really dread-
"ful—it is like going to my Lady

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" Mayoress's ball.—Pray, my dear,
" were you ever at an Easter ball?"

" Do spare my nerves—dearest Lady
" G—— an Easter ball!—I shall faint,
" indeed, if you name such a thing
" again."

" But, as I was saying—these Trun-
" dleshams were so anxious to show
" their new nobility, and their new
" plate, with coronets as large as por-
" ters' knots, that they invited all the
" world—positively, it was impossible

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" to move: and, do you know, there " was such an accident."

" Indeed! what was it—what was it?"

" Why, you must know, my dear, " that as the Framptons were driving " up to the door, a sudden backing of " carriages threw them, with a jerk, " against the front glasses of their cha- " riot, and cut their *pretty* faces most " dreadfully."

" La! how comical!"

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" So ridiculous, you have no idea—I " have been so nervous since, I wonder " how I hold up my head—they made " such rueful figures, you can't con- " ceive.——But, come with me to " Phillips's. Some of the finest busts " bas reliefs—and fragments: I mean " to ruin myself—I must have the " terra cotta models by Roubilliac, cost " what they will."

" Allons, my dear!"—and the vis drove off.

Philosophers have told us, that we

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are all born equal, and that it is education which makes the difference between us—but I deny the position.

Those—whose progenitors have been uniformly well educated—whose ancestors have been bred in all the lofty notions of honour, integrity, and liberal sentiments, and whose minds have been continually formed by taste, with an attention to the graces and decencies of life—are not born, either in intellect or person, upon an equality with a ploughman.

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They grow up with a different figure; and have, by nature, an irresistibly superior tendency, which nothing but force can alter.

Their affections, passions, inclinations, sentiments, are wholly different.

But the ephemera of the present day is composed, equally, of the degraded offspring of a noble sire, and of vulgar weeds, accidentally transplanted into the hot-bed of fashion: each, indiscriminately, striding "*the narrow world* "*like a Colossus.*"

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Maddening with rage, Edward set off instantly for Mr. Grunter's.

With a specious smile, and courtly fawn, his father-in-law advanced to receive him in the library. Edward was too much agitated to conceal his emotions.

" Your daughter, Sir, has ruined " me"—was his abrupt address, throwing himself, as he spoke, into a cane arm chair.

" And pray, Sir, how am I to help

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" that?—I did not ask you to marry " her."

" H—ll and d——"—exclaimed the impatient Edward, starting from his seat, and striking his forehead with his clenched hand..... The remainder of the sentence was lost in angry murmurs.

" When you are pleased to be cool, " Mr. Ormsby"—he replied, with provoking calmness—" I will request you " to unfold the purpose of this very

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" unceremonious visit. I do not argue
" with madmen."

" No, Sir!—nor mad women, either
" —*You* * understand me, Mr. Grunt-
" er."

" Sir, you are scurrilous."

" Say, rather, I am *provoked*, Mr.
" Grunter—Your daughter has bored

* Miss G. was committed to a madhouse, by papa, to prevent her marriage: but she escaped in dashing style.

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" me for ten thousand pounds, this
" morning—a stoic would not be able
" to command his temper—her allow-
" ances are most liberal."

" And you gave it to her, I suppose.
" Some little indiscretion at faro, I
" make no doubt—it must be hushed
" up, my good friend. Your wife is
" young—do not expose her to a mo-
" ment's temptation—give her the
" money, kindly, and explain to her the
" consequences of indulging such an
" expensive passion—The mildness of
" your reproof will correct her—she

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" will be grateful for your generosity
" —and before next winter the little
" malheur will be quite forgotten."

" You are a philosopher, Mr. Grunter
" —but I am not quite so tame as you
" may imagine—nor could I, if I would,
" pay the money: I have not five hun-
" dred pounds at my banker's."

" That's quite your own look out,
" my dear son-in-law—I never meddle,
" in money matters, between man and
" wife."

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At this moment, the door opened, and Mrs. Grunter advanced her head; but observing Mr. Grunter was not alone, she would have retired with a "—beg pardon—" when Edward requested she would walk in.

"Ah, Ormsby, is it you?—How do? "—and how is Maria?—Not seen her "since the last launch at the West "India Docks—really, we meet so sel- "dom....."

"She has been *better* employed"—said Edward—"than in studying filial

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" respect. She has been scattering ten
" thousand pounds, for the good of the
" nation."

" Dear creature!—for what?—Some
" elegant purchase, I'll engage—she has
" an infinity of taste—and people, you
" know, can't lead the fashions, with-
" out being extremely liberal in their
" expenses.—What is it, dear Ormsby?
" I do so long to know?—Maria is the
" envy of the whole town."

This speech, delivered in a strain of semi-demi rapture, accompanied by a

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most affected lisp, called into action every natural irritability in our hero's temper—who, with frenzied action, rushed from the room, denouncing vengeance on the little nabob, and his family.

"Mighty strange, 'pon honor!"—was, at length, the *sage* remark of Mrs. Grunter, who had been for ten minutes staring, with astonishment, at her husband—her husband at her.

A council was, now, called between this fashionable papa and mamma, on

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the half explained subject of their daughter's imprudence; but it was soon interrupted by the entrance of that daughter—in propria persona, attended by her *Inseparable*.

"Bless me"—she exclaimed—"how "rueful!—Have you been dancing "reels with the blue devils, Mamma? "I never saw any thing so shocking?"

"Mr. Dixon and myself will leave the "room"—replied Mr. Gruntér—"Women best understand each other; and "the united genius of two females is

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" enough, at any time, even for a Ma-
" chiavel to contend with."

The discovery was simple, and unblushingly made.

Maria Ormsby was the treasurer of a pic-nic faro bank, from which she had, to satisfy her own private losses, purloined, at different times, the sum she now demanded. The bank was so low —she feared to meet the punters of the evening.

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"Is that all, my love?" said Mrs. Grunter.

"All, Mamma?—Is not my character "at stake?—Can I ever hold up my "head again after such a slip?—If "papa don't help me, I must apply to "Charles—but *that* is an alternative "I would, willingly, avoid: I should be "so much in his power afterwards.... "Oh, my dear Mamma, what a wretch "I have married, to leave me exposed "to all this unnecessary mortification!"

"Attendez—my love—

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" You must be dying with the head-
" ache to-night, and tie up in a mob—
" meanwhile, take your jewels—if they
" are insufficient I will lend you some of
" mine—to Parker's: borrow two
" thousand pounds for the chances of
" the evening, and we will, afterwards,
" get your house robbed."

" Robbed, Mamma!—la, how shock-
" ing!"

" But *you* shall be the pretty thief, my
" love: the bank shall be robbed by a
" gang of daring villains, who shall

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" break into the house, and carry off
" the treasure. We will apply to Bow-
" Street—hand-bills shall be printed—
" rewards offered—it will be charming
" gossip for the town—then, in the
" morning, you shall redeem the jewels,
" and we will divide the remainder of
" the bank *between* us—what say you?"

" Oh, my dear sweet, sweet Mamma
" —what a blessing it is to have such
" an own dear, dear mamma!—But
" where is my sister? She would be
" an able coadjutor?"

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" Left town yesterday, for a few " days. Jemmy is gone with her."

While these refined politicians were thus honorably engaged, Edward was ill at ease.

He, also, had been unsuccessful; and was obliged to borrow four thousand from a Jew, to satisfy a debt of honor. But Moses would be secure—and Edward was compelled to grant a warrant of attorney, payable in ten days—nine of which were expired—and he was meditating to borrow money from his

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wife, when she, so unopportunely, anticipated him.

In this position of affairs, the following morning dawned: and with it the story of the robbery.

Nothing could exceed the commotion in the great world—Rob a faro bank!—What sacrilege!

The whole town presented itself at Mrs. Ormsby's doors—she showed the forced locks—the trace of their dirty

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feet on the carpet—the instruments left behind them in their hurry.....

The evidence was most complete—and so little did the affair prejudice the great world against the fair delinquent, that on the following night, which had long been announced for the Ormsby fifth concert, a more than usual overflow of world inundated her rooms.

Edward and herself were perfectly reconciled—and he honored the evening with his presence.

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If any young lady, possessing more than common curiosity, wishes to know how this domestic brulée was, so suddenly, hushed up, I will indulge her fancy by *blabbing*.

Rumor was not content in spreading the detail of this robbery over the western hemisphere of fashion—it travelled eastward; and Mr. Moses—who did not hear the story with quite so much implicit faith as the beau monde had done; and who, at all events, thought there must be *something* wrong—presented his bond on judgment for

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payment; and although Edward had assured him it would be paid at the end of the week, Moses thought "a "bird in the hand worth two in the "bush," and put an execution into the house on the morning of the concert.

It was, *now*, Mrs. Ormsby's turn to be in a passion—but the kind-hearted creature wisely compromised with her husband; and even promised to assist him in the payment of the debt.

Edward brightened into his former good humor—kissed her—swore she

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was an angel—and that all would be well in a few days.

Meanwhile, the bailiffs were put into state liveries—twelve supernumerary suits being kept for gala nights—and the *thing* went off with prodigious eclat.

It is certain, that luxury, fashion, and profusion, are the sinews of trade in all great cities—and that the steady mechanic thrives upon the follies of the shuttlecock peer.

But then, these extravagances should

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be confined to the higher orders of society—it is among the prerogatives of our nobility to be ridiculous.

To each his station: when citizens, too proud to *belong* to the warehouses which give them wealth, migrate, *in masquerade*, from Fish-Street-Hill to Hill-Street, Berkeley-Square: people of real fashion should do more than ridicule their folly—they should correct it, by refusing to acknowledge such obtrusive claims to equality.

Let them, if they will imitate the

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great, give their parties—their concerts —and their routs—in their own proper sphere.

A very ingenious lady, whose *hard-hearted* spouse—though a knight—could not be prevailed with to move from a narrow dirty lane in the city, where he had honestly and industriously acquired all his wealth, determined on giving a public breakfast *al fresco*, and issued cards, to that effect, among her numerous friends.

The thing seemed impossible—but

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nothing is impossible to female ingenuity.

On the morning appointed for the celebration of this *unique* gala—the coachman, footman, shopman, three warehouse porters, and two carmen, were posted in rich hired liveries, and formed an avenue to the church-yard, where the lady hostess, and her four accomplished daughters, were seated beneath the shadows of a large yew-tree.

An elegant cold collation, prepared by

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Mr. Deputy B—h, was served up, in appropriate devices, on the most convenient tombstones: gormandizing was succeeded by dancing up the passage to the aisle, which was fancifully chalked for the occasion.

About seven, in the evening, the party separated; highly delighted with the novelty of their entertainment, and enraptured with the condescending affability of my lady hostess, and the polite attention of her *accomplished* daughters.

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It is possible, that these volumes may, one day or other, fall into the hands of some poor curate's wife, who will raise up her hands, and bless her stars that fate had secluded her from the *wicked* town; while her husband, whose worldly knowledge may be as contracted as his income, will possibly call all my fashionable tales "a *Lunnon* "*humbug*," and ask——pertinently enough—if it were possible that the well regulated police of a populous city should *licence* gaming, robbery, and profaneness.

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Kissing goes by favor, Reverend Sir, in every polished nation; and personages of more exalted rank than any I have hitherto mentioned, know how possible it is to *slide backwards*, yet silence *public* reproach.

And we further know, that let a law be ever so wisely framed, it cannot provide against subtlety, chicane, and villainy.

Witness the notorious swindler, lately released from punishment, because the stolen goods were not presented in

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Court, although *actually* in the prosecutor's possession.

Witness the ——— prythee name it, gentle reader..... of an imprisoned debtor, released from the shackles of the law, to fill his *purchased* seat in an august assembly: by which latter most *sage* translation of the law, it is expected some very dashing blades will be restored to Bond-Street; it being much more convenient to purchase b———s, at four thousand each, than discharges at fifty, or sixty.

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Such are the blessings of an *enlightened* age!—such the powers of *legal* casuistry!—such the *unsullied* boast of our c————l rights!

But the most *ravishing* indiscretion—unpunishable by law—that modern times records, is the late violation of the "MYSTIC CAMPHOR BAG." The acquitted culprit, however, has merely exchanged the rope's end for the matrimonial gyves; and *dreams* of freedom in the house of bondage.

I have read a Russian fragment, ap-

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plicable, in my humble opinion, to the *sentimental loves* of this *happy*, *happy* pair.

" .....

" ....

—" By degrees, *her aversion to men* " wore off, and she became sensibly " touched with the fidelity of his at- " tachment. Vanity had lost much of " his empire, and she, now, loved him " for his *worth* alone.

" At last, she said, why, my Alexei; " why, are not all men like you?—Love

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" would be divested of its torments,
" and we should enjoy an eternal feli-
" city.

" Inspired by this tender confession,
" Alexei became a suppliant, and was
" accepted.

" One only condition attached to her
" promise—they were to quit the gay
" throng, and live in retirement.

" The *wicked* world, my dear Alexei,
" would envy our happiness. Let us

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" conceal it from them, and live in each
" other's smiles.

" My life"—he replied—" is devoted
" to you, incomparable Julia!—I would
" go with you to the world's end; and
" never dream of any joy, but that
" which flowed from you. Your will
" shall be my law:—Alexei never can
" deceive his Julia.

" The first six or eight weeks, in the
" country, passed like the pleasing
" charms of a fine summer's day.

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" Alexei was happy in Julia.... Julia
" was all grateful affection.

" Heavens," cried Julia, " how can
" people live in the giddy metropolis?
" Here, Nature shares all our joys—we
" will never leave the country.

" In town, my love, all is confusion
" and trouble—here, all gaiety, con-
" tent, and innocence: there you would
" live in perpetual restraint—here, in
" constant freedom..... Ah, my be-
" loved Alexei, pressing his hand to

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" her heart, and looking at him with
" excessive tenderness—

" 'Tis in the bosom of Nature, only,
" that the feeling heart can find re-
" pose.

" Towards the conclusion of sum-
" mer, Julia's panegyrics on retirement
" were more languid; but when the
" glooms of autumn robbed the trees
" of their verdure—the garden of its
" flowers—the fields of their fragrance
" the birds of their melody.....

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" She froze, with horror, at the al-
" tered scene. The solitary change
" seized on her spirits—she lost all re-
" lish for solitude.

" Alexei observed she was weary of
" her situation: he took up the Nou-
" velle Heloise, to recall to her mind
" all those enchanting fancies which oc-
" cupy a heart in love—for they both
" loved—fondly loved—and Nature
" had formed them for its most exqui-
" site enjoyments.

" As he pursued the feelings of the

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" enamoured St. Preux, *Alexei* became
" more agitated—*Julia* more tender:
" she sank on the bosom of her hus-
" band—threw her arms around his
" neck—and, in murmuring accents,
" owned the powers of love.

" This was, however, momentary:
" the delirium past, Julia began to ar-
" gue against Rousseau.

" All he says, my dear Alexei, is, in-
" deed, very charming; and, for a
" time, touches the finest chords about
" the heart: but love dies in continued

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" solitude: the human heart is restless " —eager after novelty: it must be " supplied with new emotions—new " impressions—to strengthen and to in- " vigorate its feelings.

" The most ardent love droops in re- " tirement—we want comparisons to " make us happy. In the gay world " we feel the real value of the blessings " we possess."....

.....

Having thus sung " the loves of John and Jean," we leave them to bill and

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coo in their chosen retirement, and return to Mr. Moses and his crew.

Maria, in obedience to her engagement, partly aided by her share of the spoil—partly borrowing from Mamma's share—and partly begging from Papa—payed off the execution, and kicked the Israelite down stairs.

Once more *fairly* afloat, the Barouche-driver and his Wife pursued pleasure with a renovated vigour; and determined on announcing an entertainment, which, for novelty, splendor,

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and croud, was to surpass all former out-doings.

It was, therefore, announced to the fashionable world, that on the 28th of May, the ORMSBY REGATTA would be given at Lord E——'s park in Hertfordshire—his Lordship having, most obligingly, lent the mansion and grounds for the occasion.

This park, which is very extensive, is remarkable for a navigable canal which runs nearly through the center;

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and, on this beautiful piece of water, the Regatta was to take place.

The nobility, and fashion of the town, to do more immediate honor to their lovely hostess, had voted it to be the order of the day, that all visitors should appear in state—that is, with six, or, at least, four horses, and numerous outriders.

At the eastern, or grand, gate of entrance, two large marquees were erected, with temporary refreshment; and, at two o'clock precisely, on the firing

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of a cannon, the company were to be conducted to the northern extremity of the canal, preceded by D'Egville's pupils, habited as Zephyrs; who were to scatter flowers, as they mingled in the fantastic varieties of the mazy dance, before the brilliant throng.

On the banks of the water, a small fleet of gondolas, gaily decked with streamers, would invite parties to repose beneath their silken awnings. Groupes of mermaids *, characteristically attired,

* Mr. Saunders's *celebrated troop* was en-

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to sport on the stream; mingling with tritons bearing conch-shells.

Having embarked to the soft strains of flutes and clarinets, the gondolieri paddled down the canal to meet a splendid barge, in which "THE ORMSBY" voluptuously reclined, surrounded by

---

gaged to perform these characters. Supported, from the waist upwards, by Daniel's Life Pre- "servers," nothing would have been more simple; although the effect would have been novel and romantic. What says W— P—?

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Cupids, in imitation of Cleopatra on the silver Cydnos.

The pageantry of this barge was intended to exceed all description; and a full martial band, in Turkish uniform, were to announce the QUEEN'S approach.

This fairy vision was to have been succeeded by a cold collation, served beneath an awning suspended from the neighbouring oaks: the ballet of Cupid and Psyche was to be performed, *al fresco*, during the repast—the whole to conclude with reels and waltzes.

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Invention had often been racked to claim pre-eminence of ton—but never had produced so beautiful a novelty. Anticipation was on tip-toe.

One preparatory morning Mrs. Ormsby had occasion to drive into the city; and, on the stoppage of her carriage at the bottom of Ludgate-Hill, she was uncommonly surprised to see an immense mob collected round the corner house—the windows of which were all broken; and the building itself defended by a barricado.

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"Enquire what is the matter, John."

John returning, replied—"A GHOST, "an't please you, my Lady."

"A GHOST!"—reiterated Mrs. Ormsby.

At this moment, a gentleman approached the carriage, saying, if permitted, he would relieve the lady's curiosity.

Mrs. Ormsby, with much eagerness, thanked him for his politeness.

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"I am a ruler of the Fleet, Madam;
" and my peregrinations being confined
" to part of Ludgate-Hill; I was, last
" Friday evening, taking my accus-
" tomed saunter, when I was, thus ab-
" ruptly, accosted by a Mr. M'Manus,
" with whom I had a previous slight
" acquaintance, from a similarity of
" circumstances.

" Tell me, Sir, have you seen my
" dear wife?"

" Your wife, Mr. M'Manus?—You
" know she died nine months ago."

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" But her ghost—Sir!—her ghost—
" Sure you know 'tis Lady H——'s
" ghost, and no other *living* soul's, that
" comes here every night to see me. .
" . . Oh, Lady H——, Lady H——!
" Why would you be after leaving me
" at all, at all?"

" Observing the poor man to be vio-
" lently agitated, I would have taken
" him to my lodging—for the croud
" was gathering very thick around us
" —but he would not be driven from
" his purpose. He insisted on ringing

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" at the door of that house, now en-
" closed with high boarding.

" He was answered by a porter—the
" only resident—from whom he re-
" quested leave to remain in the office
" till midnight; but the man rudely
" refusing him, he appeared almost dis-
" tracted—apostrophising the spirit
" of his dear wife in wild, incoherent
" language; and vowing, for her sake,
" that he would live and die on the
" spot.

" I asked him, why he so particu-

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" larly fancied she appeared there,
" when she died in the Old Bailey—for
" you must know, Madam, a report
" had been some days in circulation,
" that a ghost was seen about the Hill.

" Sure, and I know"—he answered —" the dear crature will come all the " way she can, to mate me.... The " Lord bless her—she was only forty- " seven when she died; but she *ought* " to have been forty-eight, for her " mother had a miscarriage."

" For the better understanding of

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" this last sentence, I must acquaint " you, Madam, that his wife, Lady " H——, though under coverture, was " a prisoner in the Rules; and that " house, which is an Institution Office, " being one of the boundaries, he *chose* " to suppose she would come thus far " to meet him.

" At length, not being able to re- " move him, and the mob becoming " very troublesome, I made my best " way out of it.

" It was now nearly nine. The mob

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" increased; and as it grew darker,
" broke all the windows; and would,
" most probably, have committed fur-
" ther excesses, had not the police been
" called into action.

" The story now is, that a MURDER
" was committed many years ago on
" the premises, and that the spirit of
" the deceased haunts the spot.

" There are many who declare they
" have seen it, and that it is the *ghost*
" *of a female.*"

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"Can you tell me, Sir, who this "poor man is, and who Lady H—?"

"I can, Madam: Lady H—— was "the widow of an honest brazier in "Dublin; who, having amassed a for-"tune by his industry, became Lord "Mayor of the city, and a civic knight.

"At his decease, my Lady married "Mr. M'Manus, a needy young bar-"rister; at whose instance, she threw "away all she had, in pursuit of a "chimerical law suit.

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" This folly brought them both into
" the Rules; from which, however,
" he has been some time discharged—
" but she remained till her death.

" He still pursues his romantic claims
" —*in forma pauperis*—and they have,
" I believe, poor man, turned his
" brain."

Here the stranger bowed; and Mrs. Ormsby having thanked him—directed her coachman to drive home.

A novel, my fair readers, would be

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nothing without a GHOST: it is true, I do not lead you through vaulted corridores echoing to the footsteps of the midnight wanderer—nor do I endanger your necks in following a narrow winding staircase, at the acute angle of which, a sudden blast of noisome air extinguishes your lamp, and leaves you to all the terrors of darkness.

I relate to you a fact, indicative of the credulity of the people; which neither time, nor reason, will ever correct.

The infatuated multitude, at the mo-

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ment I am writing—for it is past twelve at night—are gathered round the *haunted* house; and as firmly expect to see the GHOST, as I expect to be extolled to the skies, for the amusement I am, *now*, offering to the politer circles of society: and that I may deserve it, surprise shall ride upon surprise, to the end of the Barouche-driver's journey.

Edward, latterly, had indulged the habit of conducting a lady of high quality to a certain *convenient* hotel in the neighbourhood of Soho-Square.

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It was Sunday; and *other amusements* being exploded, her Ladyship had given him an appointment at half past nine.

The entrée was favorable to their warmest wishes; but as they were about to retire, after "the feast of "reason, and the flow of soul"—another door opened on the landing, critically, as they unclosed theirs.

"Oh, heavens!"—murmured her Ladyship—"I am ruined, my dearest "Ormsby——Your *wife* has seen me."

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"My wife!—impossible."

"I pledge my *honor* it was her——I "dare not venture down stairs."

"I will soon see"—said Edward, coolly advancing to the door he had heard open.

He tapped: no reply——Again: all was still.

Upon which he placed his shoulder to the door, and the lock instantly gave way.

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A violent shrieking ensued, which brought up the terrified landlord, anxious for the *reputation* of his house.

" What is the matter, noble Sir?—
" What is the matter?—For God's sake,
" do not ruin my house!—Oh, what
" is the matter?—What is the mat-
" ter?"

" *Nothing*"—answered Edward——
" *only* that lady is my wife, and that
" gentleman my friend. Order a dozen
" wax lights, instantly, to this room."

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The trembling landlord obeyed.

"Now, Mr. Charles"—said Edward, who had not spoken to the parties before—"I will give you a *proper hide-*
"*ing.*"

No sooner said, than done: at it they went, secundum artem.

Our hero was athletic, and aimed his straight forward blows with extreme good will; but Charles, who was light and agile, evaded the powerful effort with great dexterity, and danced round

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his antagonist; giving him play, while he wasted his exertion.

It was, now, Charles's turn; and he put in his blows so successfully, that, after nineteen rounds, he was declared to be the *best* man.

At the beginning of the contest, several *Misses*, half dressed, flew to the head of the stairs, that they might be spectators of the sport; but they did not even get a peep.

Edward, mortified in the extreme,

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retired to the room where he had left his trembling companion; and calling for pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following billet, which he sent to Charles Dixon, who had not left the house.

"My HONOR requires a *further* expi-
"ation: meet me at one to-morrow,
"near the telegraph on Wimbledon
"Common—the lady you may dispose
"of as you please.

"E. O."

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The reply:

"I shall be punctual."

"C. D."

The point of honor settled, Edward washed his bruised and bloody face, and then turned to comfort his fair companion, who was oppressed with terror, being only a noviciate in *such* scenes. The house, however, being restored to order, they, at length, escaped.

On the following day, at the appoint-

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ed hour, the parties, with their seconds, met.

Both were to fire at a signal.

" Take care, Charles, I shall hit you, " by G—d!"

" Fire away, my lad of wax."

They did so.

" Winged—by the Lord Harry!"—said Edward.

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"I'll tie you up,"—replied Charles, loosing his double cravat to bandage the arm.

They, then, returned to town together, and made an appointment for dinner at the Thatched House.

Every minute principle of honor being thus, *most amply*, gratified; and Mrs. Ormsby having retired with Charles Dixon—Edward ordered an upholsterer to take an inventory, and advertise a sale of his effects.

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In two days the Regatta was to have taken place.

" How unfortunate!"—says one.—" Had she but *waited* till the Regatta " was over"—said another.—" I long " *suspected* it"—said a third.—" Every " body *knew* it"—said a fourth.—" Oh, " the *Regatta!*"—said a fifth.....

Nothing but lamentation was heard throughout the western region for full twice four-and-twenty hours: it was the ne plus ultra of mortification.

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The lawyers were, instantly, set to work; and the haut ton were beginning to compromise the Regatta, in the sale at Ormsby-house.

Another disappointment.

A few mornings previous to the day of sale, Edward had just dismounted from his box, and was retiring to dress, when the porter delivered a letter, which he said was to be given to his own hand.

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Our hero broke the seal: it was as follows.

" Mr. Ormsby,

" Sir,

" When the late Mr. Dalton died, " my very worthy friend and client " was in Wales.

" Returned to town; business so " pressing, quite forgot small box of " papers belonging to deceased.

" Found said papers yesterday; look- " ing over them, as in duty bound,

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" discovered said Mr. Dalton's will,
" executed according to due form of
" law; bearing date fourteenth Febru-
" ary A. D. 1792.

" By said will, testator hath be-
" queathed all property, whatsoever,
" and wheresoever, either in possession,
" reversion, remainder, or howsoever
" otherwise, to Samuel Dalton, of Al-
" dermanbury, wine and spirit mer-
" chant, and to his heirs, for ever.

" This for your information, being

" Your's, &c.

" WM. LATTITAT."

" Chancery-lane, May 26, 1807.

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A thunderbolt would have been mercy to this intelligence. Our hero stood like one transfixed:

Pierc'd by severe amazement—hating life—
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So—faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent—and for ever sad.

Proposals of a very liberal nature were made to Edward, on the following day, by Mr. Dalton the heir: who, so far from exulting over him, had determined on offering him a handsome

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settlement: but Edward's affairs were desperate beyond this proffered kindness.

Fame soon circulated the news of his altered circumstances, and he was arrested, in the presence of Mr. Dalton, for sums it would have been madness to have interfered in.

The extravagance of his wife had been so unlimited—so infinitely beyond the calculations of a man, who never permitted himself to think—that the sale of the whole property would scarce-

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ly have placed him in the independence he enjoyed, when he, exultingly, exclaimed,

"And *will* I learn to box?.... and "*will* I keep a stud?.... and *will* I "drive four in hand?"

Mr. Dalton thought it even imprudent to bail him; wishing that the denouement of his early career of dissipation might tend to ameliorate his conduct; and that this impressive lesson, on his own demerits, might be his future safeguard.

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He was, therefore, in due form removed to the King's Bench prison, where Mr. Dalton made him a very handsome weekly allowance.

But a prison is not a school of reformation. What says Dr. Johnson?

"The misery of gaols is not half their "evil: they are filled with every cor- "ruption which poverty and vice can "generate between them: with all the "shameless and profligate enormities "that can be produced by the impu-

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" dence of ignominy—the rage of want
" —and the malignity of despair.

" In a prison the awe of a public eye
" is lost; and the power of the law is
" spent; there are few fears—there are
" no blushes.

" Every one fortifies himself, as he
" can, against his own sensibility: he
" endeavors to practise on others, the
" arts which have been practised on
" himself, and gains the kindness of his
" associates by a similitude of manners.

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"Thus, some sink amidst their mi-
"series; and others survive, only, to
"propagate villainy.

"If there are any made so obdurate
"by avarice or cruelty, as to revolve
"these consequences without dread or
"pity—I must leave them to be awak-
"ened by some other power....

"I write, only, to human beings."

To the spirited exertions of the be-
nevolent Lord Moira, the prisoner,

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however, is at last taught to look up for mercy.

A new system of law, between debtor and creditor, is said to have been prepared; and we will hope it may be propitious: we will hope that able and distinguished officers, pining in want and ignoble slothfulness, may be restored to professions they have talents to ornament; and we will hope, that the *vindictive* tradesman, who first *lures* the unwary into debt, and then *gloats* on the inquisitorial sufferings he is permitted to inflict on his victim, may,

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no longer, enjoy the twofold power—to TEMPT, and to CHASTISE.

Of the Grunters, little remains to be added: the wretched parents of a wretched offspring—the primary cause of all their delinquencies; they are alike shunned and detested by all orders of society: and they begin to find, that even Asiatic splendor cannot, always, gloss Asiatic principles; or wealthy villainy, eventually, shake off its *due* reward.

Our hero is of a different stamp. Ini-

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tiated, too early, into the dissipations of high life, with all the warmth and inconstancy of character, that betrayed *neglected*, rather than *depraved*, principles; solitude has brought him to reflexion; and reflexion is improved by the friendly admonition of Mr. Dalton.

Thus, in one little moment, the splendid visions of the BAROUCHE-DRIVER and HIS WIFE vanished from their grasp—but such, is all sublunary grandeur.

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" The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous pa-
" laces,
" The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
" Yea, all that it inherit—shall dissolve,
" And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
" Leave not a wreck behind!

THE END.

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POSTSCRIPT.

The Author has the honour to announce, that he is busily engaged in the collection of curious anecdote, for a Work to be printed in November next, under the title of

"ASMODEUS IN LONDON,"

and solicits the public patronage.

A SECOND EDITION of *his* "INFIDEL MOTHER," is now ready for delivery to those ladies who have been hitherto disappointed, when sending for it: and A SECOND EDITION of *his* "MASK OF FASHION" is at press, and will be published early in the ensuing month.

Brighton Cliffs, 22d July, 1807.

PRINTED BY D. N. SHURY, BERWICK-STREET, SOHO.

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PREFACE.

THE prevailing taste of the public for anecdote has been censured and ridiculed by critics, who aspire to the character of superior wisdom: but if we consider it in a proper point of view, this taste is an incontestible proof of the good sense and profoundly philosophic temper of the present times. Of the numbers who study, or at least who read history, how few derive any advantage from their labors! The heroes of history are so decked out by the fine fancy of the

a pro-

professed historian; they talk in such measured prose, and act from such sublime or such diabolical motives, that few have sufficient taste, wickedness or heroism, to sympathize in their fate. Besides, there is much uncertainty even in the best authenticated antient or modern histories; and that love of truth, which in some minds is innate and immutable, necessarily leads to a love of secret memoirs and private anecdotes. We cannot judge either of the feelings or of the characters of men with perfect accuracy from their actions or their appearance in public; it is from their careless conversations, their half finished sentences, that we may hope with

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the greatest probability of success to discover their real characters. The life of a great or of a little man written by himself, the familiar letters, the diary of any individual published by his friends, or by his enemies after his decease, are esteemed important literary curiosities. We are surely justified in this eager desire to collect the most minute facts relative to the domestic lives, not only of the great and good, but even of the worthless and insignificant, since it is only by a comparison of their actual happiness or misery in the privacy of domestic life, that we can form a just estimate of the real reward of virtue, or the real

punishment of vice. That the great are not as happy as they seem, that the external circumstances of fortune and rank do not constitute felicity, is asserted by every moralist; the historian can seldom, consistently with his dignity, pause to illustrate this truth, it is therefore to the biographer we must have recourse. After we have beheld splendid characters playing their parts on the great theatre of the world, with all the advantages of stage effect and decoration, we anxiously beg to be admitted behind the scenes, that we may take a nearer view of the actors and actresses.

Some may perhaps imagine, that the value of biography depends upon the

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judgment and taste of the biographer; but on the contrary it may be maintained, that the merits of a biographer are inversely as the extent of his intellectual powers and of his literary talents. A plain unvarnished tale is preferable to the most highly ornamented narrative. Where we see that a man has the power, we may naturally suspect that he has the will to deceive us, and those who are used to literary manufacture know how much is often sacrificed to the rounding of a period or the pointing an antithesis.

That the ignorant may have their prejudices as well as the learned cannot be disputed, but we see and de-

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spise vulgar errors; we never bow to the authority of him who has no great name to sanction his absurdities. The partiality which blinds a biographer to the defects of his hero, in proportion as it is gross ceases to be dangerous; but if it be concealed by the appearance of candor, which men of great abilities best know how to assume, it endangers our judgment sometimes, and sometimes our morals. If her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, instead of penning her lord's elaborate eulogium, had undertaken to write the life of Savage, we should not have been in any danger of mistaking an idle, ungrateful libertine, for a man of genius and virtue.

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tue. The talents of a biographer are often fatal to his reader. For these reasons the public often judiciously countenances those, who without sagacity to discriminate character, without elegance of style to relieve the tediousness of narrative, without enlargement of mind to draw any conclusions from the facts they relate, simply pour forth anecdotes and retail conversations, with all the minute prolixity of a gossip in a country town.

The author of the following memoirs has upon these grounds fair claims to the public favor and attention: he was an illiterate old steward, whose partiality to *the family* in which

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he was bred and born must be obvious to the reader. He tells the history of the Rackrent family in his vernacular idiom, and in the full confidence that Sir Patrick, Sir Murtagh, Sir Kitt, and Sir Condy Rackrent's affairs, will be as interesting to all the world as they were to himself. Those who were acquainted with the manners of a certain class of the gentry of Ireland some years ago, will want no evidence of the truth of honest Thady's narrative: to those who are totally unacquainted with Ireland, the following Memoirs will perhaps be scarcely intelligible, or probably they may appear perfectly incredible. For the information

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tion of the *ignorant* English reader, a few notes have been subjoined by the editor, and he had it once in contemplation to translate the language of Thady into plain English; but Thady's idiom is incapable of translation, and besides, the authenticity of his story would have been more exposed to doubt if it were not told in his own characteristic manner. Several years ago he related to the editor the history of the Rackrent family, and it was with some difficulty that he was persuaded to have it committed to writing; however, his feelings for "*the honor of the family*," as he expressed himself, prevailed over his habitual laziness, and he at length com-

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completed the narrative which is now laid before the public.

The Editor hopes his readers will observe, that these are "tales of other times;" that the manners depicted in the following pages are not those of the present age: the race of the Rackrents has long since been extinct in Ireland, and the drunken Sir Patrick, the litigious Sir Murtagh, the fighting Sir Kitt, and the slovenly Sir Condy, are characters which could no more be met with at present in Ireland, than Squire Western or Parson Trulliber in England. There is a time when individuals can bear to be rallied for their past follies and absurdities, after they

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they have acquired new habits and a new consciousness. Nations as well as individuals gradually lose attachment to their identity, and the present generation is amused rather than offended by the ridicule that is thrown upon their ancestors.

Probably we shall soon have it in our power, in a hundred instances, to verify the truth of these observations.

When Ireland loses her identity by an union with Great Britain, she will look back with a smile of good-humoured complacency on the Sir Kitts and Sir Condys of her former existence.

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TO THE

ENGLISH READER.

SOME friends who have seen Thady's history since it has been printed ave suggested to the Editor, that many of the terms and idiomatic phrases with which it abounds could not be intelligible to the English reader without farther explanation. The Editor has therefore furnished the following Glossary.

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GLOSSARY.

PAGE 1. *Monday morning.*—Thady begins his Memoirs of the Rackrent Family by dating *Monday morning*, because no great undertaking can be auspiciously commenced in Ireland on any morning but *Monday morning*.—"Oh, please God we live till Monday morning, we'll set the slater to mend the roof of the house—On Monday morning we'll fall to and cut the turf—On Monday morning we'll see and begin mowing—On Monday morning, please your honor, we'll begin and dig the potatoes," &c.

All the intermediate days between the making of such speeches and the ensuing Monday are wasted, and when Monday morning comes it is ten to one that the business is deferred to *the next* Monday morning. The Editor knew a gentleman who, to counteract this prejudice, made his workmen

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workmen and laborers begin all new pieces of work upon a Saturday.

Page 6. *Let alone the three kingdoms itself.*—*Let alone*, in this sentence, means *put out of the consideration*. This phrase *let alone*, which is now used as the imperative of a verb, may in time become a conjunction, and may exercise the ingenuity of some future etymologist. The celebrated Horne Tooke has proved most satisfactorily, that the conjunction *but* comes from the imperative of the Anglo-Saxon verb *(beon-utan) to be out*; also that *if* comes from *gif*, the imperative of the Anglo-Saxon verb which signifies *to give*, &c. &c.

Page 10. *Whillaluh.*—Ullaloo, Gol, or lamentation over the dead—

" Magnoque ululante tumultu." VIRGIL.

" Ululatibus omne
" Implevere nemus." OVID.

A full account of the Irish Gol or Ullaloo, and of the Caoinan or Irish funeral song, with its first semichorus, second semichorus, full chorus of sighs and groans, together with the Irish words and music, may be found in the fourth volume

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volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. For the advantage of *lazy* readers, who would rather read a page than walk a yard, and from compassion, not to say sympathy with their infirmity, the Editor transcribes the following passages.

" The Irish have been always remarkable for " their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity " has been noticed by almost every traveller who " visited them. And it seems derived from their " Celtic ancestors, the primæval inhabitants of " this isle." * * * *

" It has been affirmed of the Irish, that to cry " was more natural to them than to any other " nation, and at length the Irish cry became " proverbial." * * * *

" Cambrensis in the twelfth century says, the " Irish then musically expressed their griefs; " that is, they applied the musical art, in which " they excelled all others, to the orderly cele- " bration of funeral obsequies, by dividing the " mourners into two bodies, each alternately " singing their part, and the whole at times " joining in full chorus. * * * * * * " The body of the deceased, dressed in grave " clothes and ornamented with flowers, was " placed on a bier or some elevated spot. The

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" relations and Keeners *(singing mourners)* rang-
" ed themselves in two divisions, one at the
" head and the other at the feet of the corpse.
" The bards and croteries had before prepared
" the funeral Caoinan. The chief bard of the
" head chorus began by singing the first stanza
" in a low, doleful tone, which was softly ac-
" companied by the harp: at the conclusion the
" foot semichorus began the lamentation, or Ul-
" laloo, from the final note of the preceding
" stanza, in which they were answered by the
" head semichorus; then both united in one ge-
" neral chorus. The chorus of the first stanza
" being ended, the chief bard of the foot semi-
" chorus began the second Gol or lamentation,
" in which they were answered by that of the
" foot, and then as before both united in the
" general full chorus. Thus alternately were
" the song and chorusses performed during the
" night. The genealogy, rank, possessions,
" the virtues and vices of the dead were rehears-
" ed, and a number of interrogations were ad-
" dressed to the deceased: as, Why did he die?
" If married, whether his wife was faithful to
" him, his sons dutiful, or good hunters or war-
" riors? If a woman, whether her daughters
" were fair or chaste? If a young man, whe-
" ther

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"ther he had been crossed in love? or if the "blue-eyed maids of Erin treated him with "scorn?"

We are told that formerly the feet (the metrical feet) of the Caoinan were much attended to, but on the decline of the Irish bards these feet were gradually neglected, the Caoinan fell into a sort of slip-shod metre amongst women. Each province had different Caoinans, or at least different imitations of the original. There was the Munster cry, the Ulster cry, &c. It became an extempore performance, and every set of Keeners varied the melody according to their own fancy.

It is curious to observe how customs and ceremonies degenerate. The present Irish cry or howl cannot boast of much melody, nor is the funeral procession conducted with much dignity. The crowd of people who assemble at these funerals sometimes amounts to a thousand, often to four or five hundred. They gather as the bearers of the hearse proceed on their way, and when they pass through any village, or when they come near any houses, they begin to cry—Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Agh! Agh! raising their notes from the first *Oh!* to the last *Agh!* in a kind of mournful howl. This gives notice

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to the inhabitants of the village that *a funeral is passing*, and immediately they flock out to follow it. In the province of Munster it is a common thing for the women to follow a funeral, to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time, and then to turn and ask—"Arrah! who is it that's dead?—who is it "we're crying for?"—Even the poorest people have their own burying-places, that is, spots of ground in the church-yards, where they say that their ancestors have been buried ever since the wars of Ireland: and if these burial-places are ten miles from the place where a man dies, his friends and neighbours take care to carry his corpse thither. Always one priest, often five or six priests attend these funerals; each priest repeats a mass, for which he is paid sometimes a shilling, sometimes half a crown, sometimes half a guinea, or a guinea, according to the circumstances, or as they say, according to the *ability* of the deceased. After the burial of any very poor man who has left a widow or children, the priest makes what is called *a collection* for the widow; he goes round to every person present, and each contributes sixpence or a shilling, or what they please. The reader will find in the note

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note upon the word *Wake* more particulars respecting the conclusion of the Irish funerals.

Certain old women, who cry particularly loud and well, are in great request, and, as a man said to the Editor, "Every one would wish and "be proud to have such at his funeral, or at "that of his friends." The lower Irish are wonderfully eager to attend the funerals of their friends and relations, and they make their relationships branch out to a great extent. The proof that a poor man has been well beloved during his life, is his having a crowded funeral. To attend a neighbour's funeral is a cheap proof of humanity, but it does not, as some imagine, cost nothing. The time spent in attending funerals may be safely valued at half a million to the Irish nation: the Editor thinks that double that sum would not be too high an estimate. The habits of profligacy and drunkenness which are acquired at *wakes* are here put out of the question. When a labourer, a carpenter, or a smith is not at his work, which frequently happens, ask where he is gone, and ten to one the answer is—"Oh faith, please your honor, he "couldn't do a stroke to-day, for he's gone to "*the* funeral."

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Even beggars, when they grow old, go about begging *for their own funerals*; that is, begging for money to buy a coffin, candles, pipes and tobacco.—For the use of the candles, pipes and tobacco, see *Wake.*

Those who value customs in proportion to their antiquity, and nations in proportion to their adherence to antient customs, will doubtless admire the Irish *Ullaloo*, and the Irish nation, for persevering in this usage from time immemorial. The Editor, however, has observed some alarming symptoms, which seem to prognosticate the declining taste for the Ullaloo in Ireland. In a comic theatrical entertainment represented not long since on the Dublin stage, a chorus of old women was introduced, who set up the Irish howl round the relics of a physician, who is supposed to have fallen under the wooden sword of Harlequin. After the old women have continued their Ullaloo for a decent time, with all the necessary accompaniments of wringing their hands, wiping or rubbing their eyes with the corners of their gowns or aprons, &c. one of the mourners suddenly suspends her lamentable cries, and turning to her neighbour, asks—"Arrah now, honey, who is it we're crying "for?"

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Page 12. *The tenants were sent away without their whiskey.*—It is usual with some landlords to give their inferior tenants a glass of whiskey when they pay their rents. Thady calls it *their* whiskey; not that the whiskey is actually the property of the tenants, but that it becomes their *right*, after it has been often given to them. In this general mode of reasoning respecting *rights*, the lower Irish are not singular, but they are peculiarly quick and tenacious in claiming these rights.—"Last year your honor gave me some "straw for the roof of my house, and I *expect* "your honor will be after doing the same this "year."—In this manner gifts are frequently turned into tributes. The high and low are not always dissimilar in their habits. It is said that the Sublime Ottoman Porte is very apt to claim gifts as tributes: thus it is dangerous to send the Grand Seignor a fine horse on his birth-day one year, lest on his next birth-day he should expect a similar present, and should proceed to demonstrate the reasonableness of his expectations.

Page 12. *He demeaned himself greatly*—Means, he lowered, or disgraced himself much.

Page 15. *Duty fowls—and duty turkies—and*

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duty geese.—In many leases in Ireland, tenants were *formerly* bound to supply an inordinate quantity of poultry to their landlords. The Editor knew of thirty turkies being reserved in one lease of a small farm.

Page 16. *English tenants.*—An English tenant does not mean a tenant who is an Englishman, but a tenant who pays his rent the day that it is due. It is a common prejudice in Ireland, amongst the poorer classes of people, to believe that all tenants in England pay their rents on the very day when they become due. An Irishman, when he goes to take a farm, if he wants to prove to his landlord that he is a substantial man, offers to become an *English tenant.* If a tenant disobliges his landlord by voting against him, or against his opinion, at an election, the tenant is immediately informed by the agent that he must become *an English tenant.* This threat does not imply that he is to change his language or his country, but that he must pay all the arrear of rent which he owes, and that he must thenceforward pay his rent on the day when it becomes due.

Page 16. *Canting*—Does not mean talking or writing

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writing hypocritical nonsense, but selling substantially by auction.

Page 16. *Duty work.*—It was formerly common in Ireland to insert clauses in leases, binding tenants to furnish their landlords with laborers and horses for several days in the year. Much petty tyranny and oppression have resulted from this feudal cuſtom. Whenever a poor man disobliged his landlord, the agent sent to him for his duty work, and Thady does not exaggerate when he says, that the tenants were often called from their own work to do that of their landlord. Thus the very means of earning their rent were taken from them: whilst they were getting home their landlord's harvest, their own was often ruined, and yet their rents were expected to be paid as punctually as if their time had been at their own disposal. This appears the height of absurd injustice.

In Esthonia, amongst the poor Sclavonian race of peasant slaves, they pay tributes to their lords, not under the name of duty work, duty geese, duty turkies, &c. but under the name of *righteousnesses.* The following ballad is a curious ſpecimen of Esthonian poetry:

"This

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" This is the cause that the country is ruined,
" And the straw of the thatch is eaten away,
" The gentry are come to live in the land—
" Chimneys between the village,
" And the proprietor upon the white floor!
" The sheep brings forth a lamb with a white forehead;
" This is paid to the lord for a *righteousness sheep*.
" The sow farrows pigs,
" They go to the spit of the lord.
" The hen lays eggs,
" They go into the lord's frying-pan.
" The cow drops a male calf,
" That goes into the lord's herd as a bull.
" The mare foals a horse foal,
" That must be for my lord's nag.
" The boor's wife has sons,
" They must go to look after my lord's poultry.

Page 19. *Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost one—but seventeen.*—Thady's language in this instance is a specimen of a mode of rhetoric common in Ireland. An astonishing assertion is made in the beginning of a sentence, which ceases to be in the least surprizing when you hear the qualifying explanation that follows. Thus a man who is in the last stage of staggering drunkenness will, if he can articulate, swear to you—" Upon his conscience now (and may " he

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" he never stir from the spot alive if he is tell-
" ing a lie) upon his conscience he has not
" tasted a drop of any thing, good or bad, since
" morning at-all-at-all—but half a pint of whis-
" key, please your honor."

Page 20. *Fairy Mounts*—Barrows. It is said that these high mounts were of great service to the natives of Ireland, when Ireland was invaded by the Danes. Watch was always kept on them, and upon the approach of an enemy a fire was lighted to give notice to the next watch, and thus the intelligence was quickly communicated through the country. *Some years ago*, the common people believed that these Barrows were inhabited by fairies, or as they call them, by the *good people*.—" Oh troth, to the best of my belief, and to the best of my judgment and opinion, (said an elderly man to the Editor) it was only the old people that had nothing to do, and got together and were telling stories about them fairies, but to the best of my judgment there's nothing in it.—Only this I heard myself not very many years back, from a decent kind of a man, a grazier, that as he was coming just *fair and easy (quietly)* from the fair, with some cattle and sheep that he had not sold, just at the church of ———, at an

an angle of the road like, he was met by a good looking man, who asked him where was he going? And he answered, 'Oh, far enough, I must be going all night.'—'No, that you mustn't nor won't (says the man), you'll sleep with me the night, and you'll want for nothing, nor your cattle nor sheep neither, nor your *beast (horse)*; so come along with me.'—With that the grazier *lit* (alighted) from his horse, and it was dark night; but presently he finds himself, he does not know in the wide world how, in a fine house, and plenty of every thing to eat and drink—nothing at all wanting that he could wish for or think of—And he does not *mind (recollect*, or *know)* how at last he falls asleep; and in the morning he finds himself lying, not in ever a bed or a house at all, but just in the angle of the road where first he met the strange man: there he finds himself lying on his back on the grass, and all his sheep feeding as quiet as ever all round about him, and his horse the same way, and the bridle of the beast over his wrist. And I asked him what he thought of it, and from first to last he could think of nothing but for certain sure it must have been the fairies that entertained him so well. For there was no house to see any where nigh hand, or any building, or barn,

or

or place at all, but only the church and the *mote, (barrow)*. There's another odd thing enough that they tell about this same church, that if any person's corpse, that had not a right to be buried in that church-yard, went to be burying there in it, no not all the men, women, or childer in all Ireland could get the corpse any way into the church-yard; but as they would be trying to go into the church-yard, their feet would seem to be going backwards instead of forwards; aye, continually backwards the whole funeral would seem to go; and they would never set foot with the corpse in the church-yard. Now they say, that it is the fairies do all this; but it is my opinion it is all idle talk, and people are after being wiser now."

The country people in Ireland certainly *had* great admiration mixed with reverence, if not dread of fairies. They believed, that beneath these fairy mounts were spacious subterraneous palaces inhabited by *the good people*, who must not on any account be disturbed. When the wind raises a little eddy of dust upon the road, the poor people believe that it is raised by the fairies, that it is a sign that they are journeying from one of the fairy mounts to another, and they say to the fairies, or to the dust as it passes—"God speed

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speed ye, gentlemen, God speed ye." This averts any evil that *the good people* might be inclined to do them. There are innumerable stories told of the friendly and unfriendly feats of these busy fairies; some of these tales are ludicrous, and some romantic enough for poetry. It is a pity that poets should lose such convenient, though diminutive machinery.—By the by, Parnell, who shewed himself so deeply "skilled of faerie lore," was an Irishman; and though he has presented his faeries to the world in the ancient English dress of "Britain's Isle, and Arthur's days," it is probable that his first acquaintance with them began in his native country.

Some remote origin for the most superstitious or romantic popular illusions or vulgar errors may often be discovered. In Ireland, the old churches and church-yards have been usually fixed upon as the scenes of wonders. Now the antiquarians tell us, that near the ancient churches in that kingdom caves of various constructions have from time to time been discovered, which were formerly used as granaries or magazines by the ancient inhabitants, and as places to which they retreated in time of danger. There is (p. 84 of the R. I. A. Transactions for 1789)

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1789) a particular account of a number of these artificial caves at the West end of the church of Killossy, in the county of Kildare. Under a rising ground, in a dry sandy soil these subterraneous dwellings were found: they have pediment roofs, and they communicate with each other by small apertures. In the Brehon laws these are mentioned, and there are fines inflicted by those laws upon persons who steal from the subterraneous granaries. All these things shew, that there was a real foundation for the stories which were told of the appearance of lights and of the sounds of voices near these places. The persons who had property concealed there very willingly countenanced every wonderful relation, that tended to make these places objects of sacred awe or superstitious terror.

Page 22. *Weed-ashes.*—By antient usage in Ireland, all the weeds on a farm belonged to the farmer's wife, or to the wife of the squire who holds the ground in his own hands. The great demand for alkaline salts in bleaching rendered these ashes no inconsiderable perquisite.

Page 22. *Sealing-money.*—Formerly it was the custom in Ireland for tenants to give the squire's lady from two to fifty guineas as a perquisite upon the sealing of their leases. The Editor not

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not very long since knew of a baronet's lady accepting fifty guineas as sealing money, upon closing a bargain for a considerable farm.

Page 23. *Sir Murtagh grew mad.*—Sir Murtagh grew angry.

The whole kitchen was out on the ſtairs.—Means that all the inhabitants of the kitchen came out of the kitchen and ſtood upon the ſtairs. These, and similar expressions, shew how much the Irish are disposed to metaphor and amplification.

30. *Fining down the yearly rent.*—When an Irish gentleman, like Sir Kitt Rackrent, has lived beyond his income, and finds himself distressed for ready money, tenants obligingly offer to take his land at a rent far below the value, and to pay him a small sum of money in hand, which they call fining down the yearly rent. The temptation of this ready cash often blinds the landlord to his future interest.

Page 31. *Driver.*—A man who is employed to drive tenants for rent; that is, to drive the cattle belonging to tenants to pound. The office of driver is by no means a sinecure.

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Page 31. *I thought to make him a priest.*—It was customary amongst those of Thady's rank, in Ireland, whenever they could get a little money, to send their sons abroad to St. Omer's, or to Spain, to be educated as priests. Now they are educated at Minnouth. The Editor has lately known a young lad, who began by being a post-boy, afterwards turn into a carpenter; then quit his plane and work-bench to ſtudy his *Humanities*, as he said, at the college of Minnouth: but after he had gone through his course of Humanities, he determined to be a soldier instead of a prieſt.

Page 37. *Flam.*—Short for flambeau.

Page 40. *Barrack room.*—Formerly it was customary, in gentlemen's houses in Ireland, to fit up one large bedchamber with a number of beds for the reception of occasional visitors. These rooms were called Barrack rooms.

Page 41. *An innocent*—in Ireland, means a simpleton, an ideot.

Page 58. *The Curragh*—is the Newmarket of Ireland.

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Page 58. *The Cant.*—The auction.

Page 68. *And so should cut him off for ever, by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery to dock the entail.*—The English reader may perhaps be surprised at the extent of Thady's legal knowledge, and at the fluency with which he pours forth law terms; but almost every poor man in Ireland, be he farmer, weaver, ſhopkeeper, or steward, is, beside his other occupations, occaſionally a lawyer. The nature of proceſſes, ejectments, custodiams, injunctions, replevins, &c. &c. are perfectly known to them, and the terms as familiar to them as to any attorney. They all love law. It is a kind of lottery, in which every man, ſtaking his own wit or cunning against his neighbour's property, feels that he has little to lose and much to gain.

"I'll have the law of you, so I will!"—is the saying of an Englishman who expects juſtice. "I'll have you before his honor"—is the threat of an Irishman who hopes for partiality. Miserable is the life of a juſtice of the peace in Ireland the day after a fair, especially if he reſides near a small town. The multitude of the *kilt* (*kilt* does not mean *killed*, but hurt) and wounded who come before his honor with black

eyes

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eyes or bloody heads is astonishing, but more astonishing is the number of those, who, though they are scarcely able by daily labour to procure daily food, will nevertheleſs, without the least reluctance, waste six or seven hours of the day lounging in the yard or hall of a justice of the peace, waiting to make some complaint about—nothing. It is impossible to convince them that *time is money*. They do not set any value upon their own time, and they think that others estimate theirs at less than nothing. Hence they make no scruple of telling a justice of the peace a story of an hour long about a *tester* (sixpence): and if he grow impatient, they attribute it to some secret prejudice which he entertains against them.

Their method is to get a story completely by heart, and to tell it, as they call it, *out of the face*, that is, from the beginning to the end, without interruption.

" Well, my good friend, I have seen you lounging about these three hours in the yard; what is your business?"

" Please your honor, it is what I want to speak one word to your honor."

" Speak then, but be quick—What is the matter?"

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" The matter, please your honor, is nothing at-all-at-all, only just about the grazing of a horse, please your honor, that this man here sold me at the fair of Gurtishannon last Shrove fair, which lay down three times with myself, please your honor, and *kilt* me; not to be telling your honor of how, no later back than yesterday night, he lay down in the house there within, and all the childer standing round, and it was God's mercy he did not fall a'-top of them, or into the fire to burn himself. So please your honor, to-day I took him back to this man, which owned him, and after a great deal to do I got the mare again I *swopped (exchanged)* him for; but he wont't pay the grazing of the horse for the time I had him, though he promised to pay the grazing in case the horse didn't answer; and he never did a day's work, good or bad, please your honor, all the time he was with me, and I had the doctor to him five times, any how. And so, please your honor, it is what I expect your honor will stand my friend, for I'd sooner come to your honor for justice than to any other in all Ireland. And so I brought him here before your honor, and expect your honor will make him pay me the grazing, or tell me, can I pro-

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I process him for it at the next assizes, please your honor?"

The defendant now, turning a quid of tobacco with his tongue into some secret cavern in his mouth, begins his defence with—

"Please your honor, under favor, and saving your honor's presence, there's not a word of truth in all this man has been saying from beginning to end, upon my conſcience, and I wouldn't for the value of the horse itself, grazing and all, be after telling your honor a lie. For please your honor, I have a dependance upon your honor that you'll do me justice, and not be listening to him or the like of him. Please your honor, it's what he has brought me before your honor, because he had a spite against me about some oats I sold your honor, which he was jealous of, and a shawl his wife got at my shister's shop there without, and never paid for; so I offered to set the shawl against the grazing, and give him a receipt in full of all demands, but he wouldn't out of spite, please your honor; so he brought me before your honor, expecting your honor was mad with me for cutting down the tree in the horse park, which was none of my doing, please your honor—ill luck to them that went and belied me to your honor behind my

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back!—So if your honor is pleasing, I'll tell you the whole truth about the horse that he swopped against my mare, out of the face.—Last Shrove fair I met this man, Jemmy Duffy, please your honor, just at the corner of the road where the bridge is broke down that your honor is to have the presentment for this year—long life to you for it!—And he was at that time coming from the fair of Gurtishannon, and I the same way. "How are you, Jemmy?" says I.—"Very well, I thank ye kindly, Bryan," says he; "shall we turn back to Paddy Salmon's, and take a naggin of whiskey to our better acquaintance?"—"I don't care if I did, Jemmy," says I; "only it is what I can't take the whiskey, because I'm under an oath against it for a month." Ever since, please your honor, the day your honor met me on the road, and observed to me I could hardly ſtand I had taken so much—though upon my conscience your honor wronged me greatly that same time—ill luck to them that belied me behind my back to your honor!—Well, please your honor, as I was telling you, as he was taking the whiskey, and we talking of one thing or t'other, he makes me an offer to swop his mare that he couldn't sell at the fair of Gurtishannon, because nobody would be troubled with

with the beast, please your honor, against my horse, and to oblige him I took the mare—sorrow take her! and him along with her!—She kicked me a new car, that was worth three pounds ten, to tatters the first time ever I put her into it, and I expect your honor will make him pay me the price of the car, any how, before I pay the grazing, which I've no right to pay at-all-at-all, only to oblige him.—But I leave it all to your honor—and the whole grazing he ought to be charging for the beast is but two and eightpence half-penny, any how, please your honor. So I'll abide by what your honor says, good or bad. I'll leave it all to your honor."

I'll leave *it* all to your honor—literally means, I'll leave all the trouble to your honor.

The Editor knew a justice of the peace in Ireland, who had such a dread of *having it all left to his honor*, that he frequently gave the complainants the sum about which they were disputing to make peace between them, and to get rid of the trouble of hearing their stories *out of the face*. But he was soon cured of this method of buying off disputes, by the increasing multitude of those who, out of pure regard to his honor, came "to get justice from him, because "they

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" they would sooner come before him than be-
" fore any man in all Ireland."

Page 97. *A raking pot of tea.*—We should observe, this custom has long since been banished from the higher orders of Irish gentry. The mysteries of a raking pot of tea, like those of the Bona Dea, are supposed to be sacred to females, but now and then it has happened that some of the male species, who were either more audacious or more highly favored than the rest of their sex, have been admitted by stealth to these orgies. The time when the festive ceremony begins varies according to circumstances, but it is never earlier than twelve o'clock at night; the joys of a raking pot of tea depending on its being made in secret, and at an unseasonable hour. After a ball, when the more discreet part of the company has departed to rest, a few chosen female spirits, who have footed it till they can foot it no longer, and till the sleepy notes expire under the slurring hand of the musician, retire to a bed-chamber, call the favorite maid, who alone is admitted, bid her *put down the kettle*, lock the door, and amidst as much giggling and scrambling as possible, they get round a tea-table, on which all manner of things are huddled together.

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together. Then begin mutual railleries and mutual confidences amongst the young ladies, and the faint ſcream and the loud laugh is heard, and the romping for letters and pocket-books begins, and gentlemen are called by their surnames, or by the general name of fellows—pleasant fellows! charming fellows! odious fellows! abominable fellows!—and then all prudiſh decorums are forgotten, and then we might be convinced how much the satyrical poet was mistaken when he said,

"There is no woman where there's no reserve."

The merit of the original idea of a raking pot of tea evidently belongs to the waſherwoman and the laundry-maid. But why should not we have *Low life above stairs*, as well as *High life below stairs?*

Page 105. *Carton, or half Carton.*—Thady means cartron or half cartron. "According to "the old record in the black book of Dublin, "a *cantred* is said to contain 30 *villatas terras*, "which are also called *quarters* of land (quarterons, *cartrons)*; every one of which quarters "must contain so much ground as will pasture "400 cows and 17 plough-lands. A knight's

fee

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" fee was composed of 8 hydes, which amount " to 160 acres, and that is generally deemed " about a *plough-land.*"

The Editor was favored by a learned friend with the above Extract, from a MS. of Lord Totness's in the Lambeth library.

Page 150. *Wake.*—A wake, in England, means a festival held upon the anniversary of the Saint of the parish. At these wakes rustic games, rustic conviviality, and rustic courtship, are pursued with all the ardour and all the appetite, which accompany such pleasures as occur but seldom.—In Ireland a wake is a midnight meeting, held professedly for the indulgence of holy sorrow, but usually it is converted into orgies of unholy joy. When an Irish man or woman of the lower order dies, the straw which composed his bed, whether it has been contained in a bag to form a mattress, or simply spread upon the earthen floor, is immediately taken out of the house, and burned before the cabin door, the family at the same time setting up the death howl. The ears and eyes of the neighbours being thus alarmed, they flock to the house of the deceased, and by their vociferous sympathy excite

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excite and at the same time sooth the sorrows of the family.

It is curious to observe how good and bad are mingled in human institutions. In countries which were thinly inhabited, this custom prevented private attempts against the lives of individuals, and formed a kind of Coroner's inquest upon the body which had recently expired, and burning the straw upon which the sick man lay became a simple preservative against infection. At night the dead body is waked, that is to say, all the friends and neighbours of the deceased collect in a barn or stable, where the corpse is laid upon some boards, or an unhinged door supported upon stools, the face exposed, the rest of the body covered with a white sheet. Round the body are stuck in brass candlesticks, which have been borrowed perhaps at five miles distance, as many candles as the poor person can beg or borrow, observing always to have an odd number. Pipes and tobacco are first distributed, and then according to the *ability* of the deceased, cakes and ale, and sometimes whiskey, are *dealt* to the company.

" Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
" Deal on your cakes and your wine,
" For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day
" Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

After

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After a fit of universal sorrow, and the comfort of a universal dram, the scandal of the neighbourhood, as in higher circles, occupy the company. The young lads and lasses romp with one another, and when the fathers and mothers are at last overcome with sleep and whiskey, *(vino & somno)* the youth become more enterprizing and are frequently successful. It is said that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings.

Page 158. *Kilt.*—This word frequently occurs in the following pages, where it means not *killed*, but much *hurt*. In Ireland, not only cowards, but the brave "die many times before "their death." *There killing is no murder.*

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AN HIBERNIAN TALE.

CASTLE RACKRENT.

Monday Morning.

HAVING out of friendship for the family, upon whose estate, praised be Heaven! I and mine have lived rent free time out of mind, voluntarily undertaken to publish the Memoirs of the Rackrent Family, I think it my duty to say a few words, in the first place, concerning myself.—My real name is Thady Quirk, though in the family I have always been known by no other than "*honest Thady*" —afterwards, in the time of Sir Murtagh, deceased, I remember to hear them call-

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ing me " *old Thady;*" and now I'm come to " poor Thady"—for I wear a long great coat * winter and summer, which is

* The cloak, or mantle, as described by Thady, is of high antiquity.—Spencer, in his " View of the State of Ireland," proves that it is not, as some have imagined, peculiarly derived from the Scythians, but that " most nations of the world an-
" tiently used the mantle; for the Jews used it, as
" you may read of Elias's mantle, &c.; the Chal-
" dees also used it, as you may read in Diodorus;
" the Egyptians likewise used it, as you may read
" in Herodotus, and may be gathered by the de-
" scription of Berenice, in the Greek Commentary
" upon Callimachus; the Greeks also used it an-
" ciently, as appeareth by Venus's mantle lined
" with stars, though afterwards they changed the
" form thereof into their cloaks, called Pallia, as
" some of the Irish also use: and the ancient La-
" tins and Romans used it, as you may read in Vir-
" gil, who was a very great antiquary, that Evan-
" der

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is very handy, as I never put my arms into the sleeves, (they are as good as new,) though

" der, when Eneas came to him at his feast, did " entertain and feast him, sitting on the ground, " and lying on mantles; insomuch as he useth the " very word mantile for a mantle,

" ——— Humi mantilia sternunt."

" so that it seemeth that the mantle was a general " habit to most nations, and not proper to the Scy- " thians only."

Spencer knew the convenience of the said mantle, as housing, bedding, and cloathing.

" Iren. Because the commodity doth not coun- " tervail the discommodity; for the inconveniences " which thereby do arise, are much more many; " for it is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed " for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief.—First, " the outlaw being, for his many crimes and vil- " lanies, banished from the towns and houses of " honest men, and wandering in waste places, far " from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house,

 " and

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though, come Holantide next, I've had it these seven years; it holds on by a single button round my neck, cloak fashion—to look at me, you would hardly think "poor Thady" was the father of attorney Quirk; he is a high gentleman, and never minds what poor Thady says, and

"and under it covereth himself from the wrath of "Heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from "the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-"house; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it "freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can "wear it loose; in winter he can wrap it close; "at all times he can use it; never heavy, never "cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as ser-"viceable; for in this war that he maketh (if at "least it deserve the name of war), when he still "flieth from his foe, and lurketh in the *thick woods*, "*(this should be black bogs,)* and straight passages "waiting for advantages; it is his bed, yea, and "almost his household-stuff."

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and having better than 1500 a-year, landed estate, looks down upon honest Thady, but I wash my hands of his doings, and as I have lived so will I die, true and loyal to the family.—The family of the Rackrents is, I am proud to say, one of the most ancient in the kingdom.—Every body knows this is not the old family name, which was O'Shaughlin, related to the Kings of Ireland—but that was before my time.—My grandfather was driver to the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin, and I heard him, when I was a boy, telling how the Castle Rackrent estate came to Sir Patrick—Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent was cousin-german to him, and had a fine estate of his own, only never a gate upon it, it being his maxim, that a car was the best gate.—Poor gentleman! he lost a fine hunter and his life, at last,

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by it, all in one day's hunt.—But I ought to bless that day, for the estate came straight into *the* family, upon one condition, which Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin at the time took sadly to heart, they say, but thought better of it afterwards, seeing how large a stake depended upon it, that he should, by Act of Parliament, take and bear the sirname and arms of Rackrent.

Now it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick.—On coming into the estate, he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country—not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself.—He had his house, from one year's end to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller; for rather than be left out of the parties

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at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country, such as the O'Neills of Ballynagrotty, and the Castle-moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tullyhog, made it their choice, often and often, when there was no moon to be had for love or money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his friends and the public in general, who honoured him with their company unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent; and this went on, I can't tell you how long—the whole country rang with his praises—Long life to him!—I'm sure I love to look upon his picture, now opposite to me; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman—his neck

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something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which, by his particular desire, is still extant in his picture—said to be a striking likeness, though taken when young.—He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whiskey, which is very likely, as nobody has ever appeared to dispute it with him, and as there still exists a broken punch-bowl at Castle-Stopgap, in the garret, with an inscription to that effect—a great curiosity.—A few days before his death he was very merry; it being his honour's birth-day, he called my great grandfather in, God bless him! to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself, but could not carry it to his head, on account of the great shake in his hand—on this he cast his joke, saying, "What would my poor father say to "me if he was to pop out of the grave,

"and

" and see me now?—I remember, when " I was a little boy, the first bumper of " claret he gave me after dinner, how he " praised me for carrying it so steady to " my mouth—Here's my thanks to him— " a bumper toast"—Then he fell to singing the favourite song he learned from his father—for the last time, poor gentleman —he sung it that night as loud and hearty as ever, with a chorus—

" He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
" Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do,
" and dies in October—
" But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed
" mellow,
" Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought
" to do, and dies an honest fellow."

Sir Patrick died that night—just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of a fit,

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fit, and was carried off—they sat it out, and were surprised, on enquiry, in the morning, to find it was all over with poor Sir Patrick—Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor—his funeral was such a one as was never known before nor since in the county!—All the gentlemen in the three counties were at it—far and near, how they flocked—my great grandfather said, that to see all the women even in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out.—Then such a fine whillaluh! you might have heard it to the farthest end of the county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse!—But who'd have thought it, just as all was going on right, through his own town they were passing, when the body was seized for debt—a rescue was apprehended

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hended from the mob—but the heir who attended the funeral was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law—So, to be sure, the law must take its course—and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country; and Sir Murtagh Rackrent the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance, Sir Murtagh alledging in all companies, that he all along meant to pay his father's debts of honor; but the moment the law was taken of him, there was an end of honor to be sure. It was whispered, (but none but the enemies of the family

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family believe it) that this was all a sham seizure to get quit of the debts, which he had bound himself to pay in honor.

It's a long time ago, there's no saying how it was, but this for certain, the new man did not take at all after the old gentleman—The cellars were never filled after his death—and no open house, or any thing as it used to be—the tenants even were sent away without their whiskey—I was ashamed myself, and knew not what to say for the honor of the family—But I made the best of a bad case, and laid it all at my lady's door, for I did not like *her* any how, nor any body else—she was of the family of the Skinflints, and a widow—It was a strange match for Sir Murtagh; the people in the country thought he demeaned himself greatly—but *I* said nothing—I knew how it was—

Sir

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Sir Murtagh was a great lawyer, and looked to the great Skinflint estate; there, however, he overshot himself; for though one of the co-heiresses, he was never the better for her, for she outlived him many's the long day—he could not foresee that, to be sure, when he married her. I must say for her, she made him the best of wives, being a very notable stirring woman, and looking close to every thing. But I always suspected she had Scotch blood in her veins, any thing else I could have looked over in her from a regard to the family. She was a strict observer for self and servants of Lent, and all Fast days, but not holidays. One of the maids having fainted three times the last day of Lent, to keep soul and body together we put a morsel of roast beef into her mouth, which came from Sir Murtagh's dinner, who

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who never fasted, not he; but somehow or other it unfortunately reached my lady's ears, and the priest of the parish had a complaint made of it the next day, and the poor girl was forced as soon as she could walk to do penance for it, before she could get any peace or absolution in the house or out of it. However, my lady was very charitable in her own way. She had a charity school for poor children, where they were taught to read and write gratis, and where they were kept well to spinning gratis for my lady in return; for she had always heaps of duty yarn from the tenants, and got all her houshold linen out of the estate from first to last; for after the spinning, the weavers on the estate took it in hand for nothing, because of the looms my lady's interest could get from the Linen Board to distribute

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tribute gratis. Then there was a bleach yard near us, and the tenant dare refuse my lady nothing, for fear of a law-suit Sir Murtagh kept hanging over him about the water course. With these ways of managing, 'tis surprising how cheap my lady got things done, and how proud she was of it. Her table the same way—kept for next to nothing—duty fowls, and duty turkies, and duty geese, came as fast as we could eat 'em; for my lady kept a sharp look out, and knew to a tub of butter every thing the tenants had, all round. They knew her way, and what with fear of driving for rent and Sir Murtagh's law-suits, they were kept in such good order, they never thought of coming near Castle Stopgap without a present of something or other—nothing too much or too little for my lady—eggs—honey—butter

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—butter—meal—fish—game, grouse, and herrings, fresh or salt—all went for something. As for their young pigs, we had them, and the best bacon and hams they could make up, with all young chickens in spring; but they were a set of poor wretches, and we had nothing but misfortunes with them, always breaking and running away—This, Sir Murtagh and my lady said, was all their former landlord Sir Patrick's fault, who let 'em all get the half year's rent into arrear—there was something in that, to be sure—But Sir Murtagh was as much the contrary way—For let alone making English tenants of them, every soul—he was always driving and driving, and pounding and pounding, and canting and canting, and replevying and replevying, and he made a good living of trespassing cattle—there was always

ways some tenant's pig, or horse, or cow, or calf, or goose, trespassing, which was so great a gain to Sir Murtagh, that he did not like to hear me talk of repairing fences. Then his herriots and duty work brought him in something—his turf was cut—his potatoes set and dug—his hay brought home, and in short all the work about his house done for nothing; for in all our leases there were strict clauses with heavy penalties, which Sir Murtagh knew well how to enforce—so many days duty work of man and horse, from every tenant, he was to have, and had, every year; and when a man vexed him, why the finest day he could pitch on, when the cratur was getting in his own harvest, or thatching his cabin, Sir Murtagh made it a principle to call upon him and his horse—so he taught 'em all, as he said, to know

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the law of landlord and tenant. As for law, I believe no man, dead or alive, ever loved it so well as Sir Murtagh. He had once sixteen suits pending at a time, and I never saw him so much himself—roads—lanes—bogs—wells—ponds—eel-wires—orchards—trees—tythes—vagrants—gravel-pits—sandpits—dunghills and nuisances—every thing upon the face of the earth furnished him good matter for a suit. He used to boast that he had a law-suit for every letter in the alphabet. How I used to wonder to see Sir Murtagh in the midst of the papers in his office—why he could hardly turn about for them. I made bold to shrug my shoulders once in his presence, and thanked my stars I was not born a gentleman to so much toil and trouble—but Sir Murtagh took me up short with his

old

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old proverb, " learning is better than house or land." Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost one but seventeen; the rest he gained with costs, double costs, treble costs sometimes—but even that did not pay. He was a very learned man in the law, and had the character of it; but how it was I can't tell, these suits that he carried cost him a power of money—in the end he sold some hundreds a year of the family estate—but he was a very learned man in the law, and I know nothing of the matter except having a great regard for the family. I could not help grieving when he sent me to post up notices of the sale of the fee simple of the lands and appurtenances of Timoleague.—" I know, honest Thady," says he to comfort me, " what I'm about " better than you do; I'm only selling to

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" get the ready money wanting, to carry " on my suit with spirit with the Nu- " gents of Carrickashaughlin."

He was very sanguine about that suit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin. He would have gained it, they say, for certain, had it pleased Heaven to have spared him to us, and it would have been at the least a plump two thousand a year in his way; but things were ordered otherwise, for the best to be sure. He dug up a fairy-mount* against my advice,

* These fairy-mounts are called ant-hills in England. They are held in high reverence by the common people in Ireland. A gentleman, who in laying out his lawn had occasion to level one of these hillocks, could not prevail upon any of his labourers to begin the ominous work. He was obliged to take a *spy* from one of their reluctant hands, and began the attack himself. The labourers agreed, that the vengeance of the fairies would fall upon the head of the presumptuous mortal, who first disturbed them in their retreat.

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and had no luck afterwards. Though a learned man in the law, he was a little too incredulous in other matters. I warned him that I heard the very Banshee * that my grandfather heard, before I was born long, under Sir Patrick's window a few days before his death. But Sir Murtagh thought nothing of the Banshee, nor of his cough with a spitting of blood, brought on, I understand, by catching cold in attending the courts, and overstraining his chest with making himself heard in one

* The Banshee is a species of aristocratic fairy, who in the shape of a little hideous old woman has been known to appear, and heard to sing in a mournful supernatural voice under the windows of great houses, to warn the family that some of them are soon to die. In the last century every great family in Ireland had a Banshee, who attended regularly, but latterly their visits and songs have been discontinued.

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of his favorite causes. He was a great speaker, with a powerful voice; but his last speech was not in the courts at all. He and my lady, though both of the same way of thinking in some things, and though she was as good a wife and great economist as you could see, and he the best of husbands, as to looking into his affairs, and making money for his family; yet I don't know how it was, they had a great deal of sparring and jarring between them.—My lady had her privy purse—and she had her weed ashes, and her sealing money upon the signing of all the leases, with something to buy gloves besides; and besides again often took money from the tenants, if offered properly, to speak for them to Sir Murtagh about abatements and renewals. Now the weed ashes and the glove money

ney he allowed her clear perquisites; though once when he saw her in a new gown saved out of the weed ashes, he told her to my face, (for he could say a sharp thing) that she should not put on her weeds before her husband's death. But it grew more serious when they came to the renewal businesses. At last, in a dispute about an abatement, my lady would have the last word, and Sir Murtagh grew mad; I was within hearing of the door, and now wish I had made bold to step in. He spoke so loud, the whole kitchen was out on the stairs—All on a sudden he stopped, and my lady too. Something has surely happened, thought I—and so it was, for Sir Murtagh in his passion broke a blood-vessel, and all the law in the land could do nothing in that case. My lady sent for

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for five physicians, but Sir Murtagh died, and was buried. She had a fine jointure settled upon her, and took herself away to the great joy of the tenantry. I never said any thing, one way or the other, whilst she was part of the family, but got up to see her go at three o'clock in the morning—" It's a fine morning, honest Thady, says she; good bye to ye"—, and into the carriage she stept, without a word more, good or bad, or even half-a-crown; but I made my bow, and stood to see her safe out of sight for the sake of the family.

Then we were all bustle in the house, which made me keep out of the way, for I walk slow and hate a bustle, but the house was all hurry-skurry, preparing for my new master.—Sir Murtagh, I for-

got

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got to notice, had no childer,* so the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother—a young dashing officer—who came amongst us before I knew for the life of me whereabouts I was, in a gig or some of them things, with another spark along with him, and led horses, and servants, and dogs, and scarce a place to put any Christian of them into; for my late lady had sent all the feather-beds off before her, and blankets, and household linen, down to the very knife cloths, on the cars to Dublin, which were all her own, lawfully paid for out of her own money—So the house was quite bare, and my young master, the moment ever he set foot in it out of his gig, thought all those

* *Childer*—this is the manner in which many of Thady's rank, and others in Ireland, *formerly* pronounced the word *children*.

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those things must come of themselves, I believe, for he never looked after any thing at all, but harum-scarum called for every thing as if we were conjurers, or he in a public-house. For my part, I could not bestir myself any how; I had been so used to my late master and mistress, all was upside down with me, and the new servants in the servants' hall were quite out of my way; I had nobody to talk to, and if it had not been for my pipe and tobacco should, I verily believe, have broke my heart for poor Sir Murtagh.

But one morning my new master caught a glimpse of me as I was looking at his horse's heels, in hopes of a word from him—and is that old Thady! says he, as he got into his gig—I loved him from that day to this, his voice was so like the family—and he threw me a guinea out of his

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his waistcoat pocket, as he drew up the reins with the other hand, his horse rearing too; I thought I never set my eyes on a finer figure of a man—quite another sort from Sir Murtagh, though withal *to me*, a family likeness—A fine life we should have led, had he stayed amongst us, God bless him!—he valued a guinea as little as any man—money to him was no more than dirt, and his gentleman and groom, and all belonging to him, the same—but the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place, and having got down a great architect for the house, and an improver for the grounds, and seen their plans and elevations, he fixed a day for settling with the tenants, but went off in a whirlwind to town, just as some of them came into the yard in the morning. A circular letter came next post from

the

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the new agent, with news that the master was sailed for England, and he must remit 500l. to Bath for his use, before a fortnight was at an end—Bad news still for the poor tenants, no change still for the better with them—Sir Kit Stopgap, my young master, left all to the agent, and though he had the spirit of a Prince, and lived away to the honour of his country abroad, which I was proud to hear of, what were we the better for that at home? The agent was one of your middle men,* who,

* *Middle men.*—There was a class of men termed middle men in Ireland, who took large farms on long leases from gentlemen of landed property, and set the land again in small portions to the poor, as under tenants, at exorbitant rents. The *head-landlord*, as he *was* called, seldom saw his *under tenants*, but if he could not get the *middle man* to pay him his rent punctually, he *went to the land*, and

who grind the face of the poor, and can never bear a man with a hat upon his head—he ferretted the tenants out of their

and drove the land for his rent, that is to say, he sent his steward or bailiff, or driver, to the land, to seize the cattle, hay, corn, flax, oats, or potatoes, belonging to the under-tenants, and proceeded to sell these for his rent; it sometimes happened that these unfortunate tenants paid their rent twice over, once to the *middle man*, and once to the *head landlord*.

The characteristics of a middle man *were*, servility to his superiors, any tyranny towards his inferiors—The poor detested this race of beings. In speaking to them, however, they always used the most abject language, and the most humble tone and posture—"*Please your honour*, — *and please your honour's honour*," they knew must be repeated as a charm at the beginning and end of every equivocating, exculpatory, or supplicatory sentence—and they were much more alert in doffing their caps to these new men, than to those of what they call *good old families*.—A witty carpenter once termed these middle men *journeymen-gentlemen*.

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their lives—not a week without a call for money—drafts upon drafts from Sir Kit—but I laid it all to the fault of the agent; for, says I, what can Sir Kit do with so much cash, and he a single man? but still it went.—Rents must be all paid up to the day, and afore—no allowance for improving tenants—no consideration for those who had built upon their farms—No sooner was a lease out, but the land was advertised to the highest bidder—all the old tenants turned out, when they had spent their substance in the hope and trust of a renewal from the landlord.—All was now set at the highest penny to a parcel of poor wretches who meant to run away, and did so, after taking two crops out of the ground. Then fining down the year's rent came into fashion—any thing for the ready penny,

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penny, and with all this, and presents to the agent and the driver, there was no such thing as standing it—I said nothing, for I had a regard for the family, but I walked about, thinking if his honour Sir Kitt, (long may he live to reign over us!) knew all this, it would go hard with him, but he'd see us righted—not that I had any thing for my own share to complain of, for the agent was always very civil to me, when he came down into the country, and took a great deal of notice of my son Jason.—Jason Quirk, though he be my son, I must say, was a good scholar from his birth, and a very 'cute lad—I thought to make him a priest, but he did better for himself—Seeing how he was as good a clerk as any in the county, the agent gave him his rent accounts to copy, which he did first

of

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of all for the pleasure of obliging the gentleman, and would take nothing at all for his trouble, but was always proud to serve the family.—By and by, a good farm bounding us to the east fell into his honour's hands, and my son put in a proposal for it; why shouldn't he as well as another?—The proposals all went over to the master at the Bath, who knowing no more of the land than the child unborn, only having once been out a grousing on it before he went to England; and the value of lands, as the agent informed him, falling every year in Ireland, his honour wrote over in all haste a bit of a letter, saying he left it all to the agent, and that he must set it as well as he could to the best bidder, to be sure, and send him over £200. by return of post: with this the agent gave me a hint, and I spoke a

good

good word for my son, and gave out in the country, that nobody need bid against us.—So his proposal was just the thing, and he a good tenant; and he got a promise of an abatement in the rent, after the first year, for advancing the half year's rent at signing the lease, which was wanting to compleat the agent's £200, by the return of the post, with all which my master wrote back he was well satisfied.—About this time we learned from the agent, as a great secret, how the money went so fast, and the reason of the thick coming of the master's drafts: he was a little too fond of play, and Bath, they say, was no place for a young man of his fortune, where there were so many of his own countrymen too haunting him up and down, day and night, who had nothing to lose—at last, at Christ-

 mas,

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mas, the agent wrote over to stop the drafts, for he could raise no more money on bond or mortgage, or from the tenants, or any how, nor had he any more to lend himself, and desired at same time to decline the agency for the future, wishing Sir Kit his health and happiness, and the compliments of the season—for I saw the letter before ever it was sealed, when my son copied it.—When the answer came, there was a new turn in affairs, and the agent was turned out; and my son Jason, who had corresponded privately with his honor occasionally on business, was forthwith desired by his honor to take the accounts into his own hands, and look them over till further orders—It was a very spirited letter, to be sure: Sir Kit sent his service, and the compliments of the season, in return to the agent, and he would

would fight him with pleasure to-morrow, or any day, for sending him such a letter, if he was born a gentleman, which he was sorry (for both their sakes) to find (too late) he was not.—Then, in a private postscript, he condescended to tell us that all would be speedily settled to his satisfaction, and we should turn over a new leaf, for he was going to be married in a fortnight to the grandest heiress in England, and had only immediate occasion at present for £200, as he would not choose to touch his lady's fortune for travelling expences home to Castle Rackrent, where he intended to be, wind and weather permitting, early in the next month, and desired fires, and the house to be painted, and the new building to go on as fast as possible, for the reception of him and his lady before that time—with several words

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besides in the letter, which we could not make out, because, God bless him! he wrote in such a flurry—My heart warmed to my new lady when I read this; I was almost afraid it was too good news to be true—but the girls fell to scouring, and it was well they did, for we soon saw his marriage in the paper to a lady with I don't know how many tens of thousand pounds to her fortune—then I watched the post-office for his landing, and the news came to my son of his and the bride being in Dublin, and on the way home to Rackrent Gap—We had bonfires all over the country, expecting him down the next day, and we had his coming of age still to celebrate, which he had not time to do properly before he left the country; therefore a great ball was expected, and great doings upon his coming, as it were, fresh

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to take possession of his ancestors estate. —I never shall forget the day he came home—we had waited and waited all day long till eleven o'clock at night, and I was thinking of sending the boy to lock the gates, and giving them up for that night, when there come the carriages thundering up to the great hall door—I got the first sight of the bride; for when the carriage door opened, just as she had her foot on the steps, I held the flam full in her face to light her, at which she shuts her eyes, but I had a full view of the rest of her, and greatly shocked I was, for by that light she was little better than a blackamoor, and seemed crippled, but that was only sitting so long in the chariot—"You're kindly welcome to Castle Rackrent, my lady," says I, (recollecting who she was)—"Did your honor hear of the bonfires?"

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His honor spoke never a word, nor so much as handed her the steps; he looked to me no more like himself than nothing at all; I know I took him for the skeleton of his honor—I was not sure what to say next to one or t'other, but seeing she was a stranger in a foreign country, I thought it but right to speak chearful to her, so I went back again to the bonfires—" My lady (says I, as she crossed the hall) there would have been fifty times as many, but for fear of the horses and frightening your ladyship—Jason and I forbid them, please your honor."—With that she looked at me a little bewildered—" Will I have a fire lighted in the state room to-night?" was the next question I put to her—but never a word she answered, so I concluded she could not speak a word of English, and was from foreign parts—The

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short and the long of it was, I couldn't tell what to make of her, so I left her to herself, and went straight down to the servants' hall to learn something for certain about her. Sir Kit's own man was tired, but the groom set him a talking at last, and we had it all out before ever I closed my eyes that night. The bride might well be a great fortune—she was a *Jewish* by all accounts, who are famous for their great riches. I had never seen any of that tribe or nation before, and could only gather that she spoke a strange kind of English of her own, that she could not abide pork or sausages, and went neither to church nor mass.—Mercy upon his honor's poor soul, thought I, what will become of him and his, and all of us, with this heretic Blackamore at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate. I never slept a

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wink all night for thinking of it, but before the servants I put my pipe in my mouth and kept my mind to myself; for I had a great regard for the family, and after this when strange gentlemen's servants came to the house, and would begin to talk about the bride, I took care to put the best foot foremost, and passed her for a Nabob, in the kitchen, which accounted for her dark complexion, and every thing.

The very morning after they came home, however, I saw how things were, plain enough, between Sir Kit and my lady, though they were walking together arm in arm after breakfast, looking at the new buildings and the improvements. "Old Thady, (said my master, just as he used to do) how do you do?—"Very well, I thank your honor's honor," said I, but I saw

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I saw he was not well pleased, and my heart was in my mouth as I walked along after him—" Is the large room damp, Thady?" said his honor—" Oh, damp, your honor! how should it but be as dry as a bone, (says I) after all the fires we have kept in it day and night—It's the barrack room your honor's talking on"—" And what is a barrack room, pray, my dear"—were the first words I ever heard out of my lady's lips—" No matter, my dear," said he, and went on talking to me, ashamed like I should witness her ignorance.—To be sure to hear her talk, one might have taken her for an innocent, for it was " what's this, Sir Kit? and what's that, Sir Kit?" all the way we went—To be sure, Sir Kit had enough to do to answer her—" And what do you call that, Sir Kit? (said she) that, that looks like

like a pile of black bricks, pray Sir Kitt?" "My turf stack, my dear," said my master, and bit his lip—Where have you lived, my lady, all your life, not to know a turf stack when you see it, thought I, but I said nothing. Then, by-and-by, she takes out her glass and begins spying over the country—"And what's all that black swamp out yonder, Sir Kit?" says she—"My bog, my dear," says he, and went on whistling—"It's a very ugly prospect, my dear," says she—"You don't see it, my dear, (says he) for we've planted it out, when the trees grow up, in summer time," says he—"Where are the trees, (said she) my dear," still looking through her glass—"You are blind, my dear, (says he) what are these under your eyes?"—"These shrubs?" said she—"Trees," said he—"May be they are what you call

call trees in Ireland, my dear, (says she) but they are not a yard high, are they?"—"They were planted out but last year, my lady" says I, to soften matters between them, for I saw she was going the way to make his honor mad with her—"they are very well grown for their age, and you'll not see the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin at all at all through the skreen, when once the leaves come out—But, my lady, you must not quarrel with any part or parcel of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin, for you don't know how many hundred years that same bit of bog has been in the family, we would not part with the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin upon no account at all; it cost the late Sir Murtagh two hundred good pounds to defend his title to it, and boundaries, against the O'Learys, who cut a road through it."—

Now

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Now one would have thought this would have been hint enough for my lady, but she fell to laughing like one out of their right mind, and made me say the name of the bog over for her to get it by heart a dozen times—then she must ask me how to spell it, and what was the meaning of it in English—Sir Kit standing by whistling all the while—I verily believe she laid the corner stone of all her future misfortunes at that very instant—but I said no more, only looked at Sir Kit.

There were no balls, no dinners, no doings, the country was all disappointed—Sir Kit's gentleman said, in a whisper to me, it was all my lady's own fault, because she was so obstinate about the cross—"What cross? (says I) is it about her being a heretic?"—"Oh, no such matter, (says he) my master does not mind her

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her heresies, but her diamond cross, it's worth I can't tell you how much, and she has thousands of English pounds concealed in diamonds about her, which she as good as promised to give up to my master before he married, but now she won't part with any of them, and she must take the consequences.

Her honey-moon, at least her Irish honeymoon, was scarcely well over, when his honour one morning said to me—"Thady, buy me a pig!"—and then the sausages were ordered, and here was the first open breaking out of my lady's troubles—my lady came down herself into the kitchen to speak to the cook about the sausages, and desired never to see them more at her table.—Now my master had ordered them, and my lady knew that—the cook took my lady's part, because she never

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never came down into the kitchen, and was young and innocent in house-keeping, which raised her pity; besides, said she, at her own table, surely, my lady should order and disorder what she pleases —but the cook soon changed her note, for my master made it a principle to have the sausages, and swore at her for a Jew herself, till he drove her fairly out of the kitchen—then for fear of her place, and because he threatened that my lady should give her no discharge without the sausages, she gave up, and from that day forward always sausages or bacon, or pig meat, in some shape or other, went up to table; upon which my lady shut herself up in her own room, and my master said she might stay there, with an oath; and to make sure of her, he turned the key in the door, and kept it ever after in his pocket —We

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—We none of us ever saw or heard her speak for seven years after that*—he carried

* This part of the history of the Rackrent family can scarcely be thought credible; but in justice to honest Thady, it is hoped the reader will recollect the history of the celebrated Lady Catheart's conjugal imprisonment.—The Editor was acquainted with Colonel M'Guire, Lady Cathcart's husband; he has lately seen and questioned the maid-servant who lived with Colonel M'Guire during the time of Lady Cathcart's imprisonment.—Her Ladyship was locked up in her own house for many years; during which period her husband was visited by the neighbouring gentry, and it was his regular custom at dinner to send his compliments to Lady Cathcart, informing her that the company had the honor to drink her ladyship's health, and begging to know whether there was any thing at table that she would like to eat? the answer was always—"Lady Cathcart's compliments, and she has every thing she wants"—An instance of honesty in a poor Irishwoman deserves

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ried her dinner himself—then his honour had a great deal of company to dine with him,

serves to be recorded.—Lady Cathcart had some remarkably fine diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, and which she was anxious to get out of the house, lest he should discover them: she had neither servant nor friend to whom she could entrust them; but she had observed a poor beggar-woman who used to come to the house—she spoke to her from the window of the room in which she was confined—the woman promised to do what she desired, and Lady Cathcart threw a parcel, containing the jewels, to her.—The poor woman carried them to the person to whom they were directed; and several years afterwards, when Lady Cathcart recovered her liberty, she received her diamonds safely.

At Colonel M'Guire's death, her ladyship was released.—The Editor, within this year, saw the gentleman who accompanied her to England after her husband's death.—When she first was told of his

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him, and balls in the house, and was as gay and gallant, and as much himself as before he was married—and at dinner he always drank my lady Rackrent's good health, and so did the company, and he sent out always a servant, with his compliments to my Lady Rackrent, and the

 company

his death, she imagined that the news was not true, and that it was told only with an intention of deceiving her.—At his death she had scarcely cloaths sufficient to cover her; she wore a red wig, looked scared, and her understanding seemed stupified; she said that she scarcely knew one human creature from another: her imprisonment lasted above twenty years.—These circumstances may appear strange to an English reader; but there is no danger in the present times, that any individual should exercise such tyranny as Colonel M'Guire's with impunity, the power being now all in the hands of government, and there being no possibility of obtaining from Parliament an act of indemnity for any cruelties.

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company was drinking her ladyship's health, and begged to know if there was any thing at table he might send her; and the man came back, after the sham errand, with my lady Rackrent's compliments, and she was very much obliged to Sir Kit—she did not wish for any thing, but drank the company's health.—The country, to be sure, talked and wondered at my lady's being shut up, but nobody chose to interfere or ask any impertinent questions, for they knew my master was a man very apt to give a short answer himself, and likely to call a man out for it afterwards—he was a famous shot—had killed his man before he came of age, and nobody scarce dare look at him whilst at Bath.—Sir Kit's character was so well known in the county, that he lived in peace and quietness ever after, and was a great

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great favorite with the ladies, especially when in process of time, in the fifth year of her confinement, my lady Stopgap fell ill, and took entirely to her bed, and he gave out that she was now skin and bone, and could not last through the winter.—In this he had two physicians' opinions to back him (for now he called in two physicians for her), and tried all his arts to get the diamond cross from her on her death bed, and to get her to make a will in his favour of her separate possessions—but she was there too tough for him—He used to swear at her behind her back, after kneeling to her to her face, and call her, in the presence of his gentleman, his stiff-necked Israelite, though before he married her, that same gentleman told me he used to call her (how he could bring it out I don't know !) "my pretty Jessica"—To be sure,

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it must have been hard for her to guess what sort of a husband he reckoned to make her—when she was lying, to all expectation, on her death-bed, of a broken heart, I could not but pity her, though she was a Jewish; and considering too it was no fault of her's to be taken with my master so young as she was at the Bath, and so fine a gentleman as Sir Kit was when he courted her—and considering too, after all they had heard and seen of him as a husband, there were now no less than three ladies in our county talked of for his second wife, all at daggers drawing with each other, as his gentleman swore, at the balls, for Sir Kit for their partner—I could not but think them bewitched, but they all reasoned with themselves, that Sir Kit would make a good husband to any Christian, but a Jewish, I

suppose,

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suppose, and especially as he was now a reformed rake; and it was not known how my lady's fortune was settled in her will, nor how the Castle Rackrent estate was all mortgaged, and bonds out against him, for he was never cured of his gaming tricks—but that was the only fault he had, God bless him!

My lady had a sort of fit, and it was given out she was dead, by mistake; this brought things to a sad crisis for my poor master—one of the three ladies shewed his letters to her brother, and claimed his promises, whilst another did the same. I don't mention names—Sir Kit, in his defence, said he would meet any man who dared question his conduct, and as to the ladies, they must settle it amongst them who was to be his second, and his third, and his fourth, whilst his first was

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still alive, to his mortification and theirs. Upon this, as upon all former occasions, he had the voice of the country with him, on account of the great spirit and propriety he acted with.—He met and shot the first lady's brother—the next day he called out the second, who had a wooden leg, and their place of meeting by appointment being in a new ploughed field, the wooden leg man stuck fast in it.—Sir Kit seeing his situation, with great candour fired his pistol over his head, upon which the seconds interposed, and convinced the parties there had been a slight misunderstanding between them; thereupon they shook hands cordially, and went home to dinner together.—This gentleman, to shew the world how they stood together, and by the advice of the friends of both parties to re-establish his sister's injured

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injured reputation, went out with Sir Kit as his second, and carried his message next day to the last of his adversaries.—I never saw him in such fine spirits as that day he went out—sure enough he was within aims-ace of getting quit handsomely of all his enemies; but unluckily, after hitting the tooth-pick out of his adversary's finger and thumb, he received a ball in a vital part, and was brought home, in little better than an hour after the affair, speechless, on a hand-barrow, to my lady; we got the key out of his pocket the first thing we did, and my son Jason ran to unlock the barrack-room, where my lady had been shut up for seven years, to acquaint her with the fatal accident.—The surprize bereaved her of her senses at first, nor would she believe but we were putting some new trick upon her, to entrap

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her out of her jewels, for a great while, till Jason bethought himself of taking her to the window, and shewed her the men bringing Sir Kit up the avenue upon the hand-barrow, which had immediately the desired effect; for directly she burst into tears, and pulling her cross from her bosom, she kissed it with as great devotion as ever I witnessed, and lifting up her eyes to Heaven, uttered some ejaculation, which none present heard—but I take the sense of it to be, she returned thanks for this unexpected interposition in her favour, when she had least reason to expect it.—My master was greatly lamented—there was no life in him when we lifted him off the barrow, so he was laid out immediately, and *waked* the same night.—The country was all in an uproar about him, and not a soul but cried shame upon

upon his murderer, who would have been hanged surely, if he could have been brought to his trial, whilst the gentlemen in the county were up about it, but he very prudently withdrew himself to the continent before the affair was made public.—As for the young lady who was the immediate cause of the fatal accident, however innocently, she could never shew her head after at the balls in the county or any place, and by the advice of her friends and physicians she was ordered soon after to Bath, where it was expected, if any where on this side of the grave, she would meet with the recovery of her health and lost peace of mind.—As a proof of his great popularity, I need only add, that there was a song made upon my master's untimely death in the newspapers, which was in every body's mouth, singing

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singing up and down through the country, even down to the mountains, only three days after his unhappy exit.—He was also greatly bemoaned at the Curragh, where his cattle were well known, and all who had taken up his bets formerly were particularly inconsolable for his loss to society.—His stud sold at the cant at the greatest price ever known in the country; his favourite horses were chiefly disposed of amongst his particular friends, who would give any price for them for his sake; but no ready money was required by the new heir, who wished not to displease any of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood just upon his coming to settle amongst them; so a long credit was given where requisite, and the cash has never been gathered in from that day to this.

But

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But to return to my lady.—She got surprisingly well after my master's decease. No sooner was it known for certain that he was dead, than all the gentlemen within twenty miles of us came in a body as it were to set my lady at liberty, and to protest against her confinement, which they now for the first time understood was against her own consent. The ladies too were as attentive as possible, striving who should be foremost with their morning visits; and they that saw the diamonds spoke very handsomely of them, but thought it a pity they were not bestowed, if it had so pleased God, upon a lady who would have become them better. All these civilities wrought little with my lady, for she had taken an unaccountable prejudice against the country and every thing belonging to it, and was so partial to

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to her native land, that after parting with the cook, which she did immediately upon my master's decease, I never knew her easy one instant, night or day, but when she was packing up to leave us. Had she meant to make any stay in Ireland, I stood a great chance of being a great favorite with her, for when she found I understood the weather-cock, she was always finding some pretence to be talking to me, and asking me which way the wind blew, and was it likely, did I think, to continue fair for England.—But when I saw she had made up her mind to spend the rest of her days upon her own income and jewels in England, I considered her quite as a foreigner, and not at all any longer as part of the family.—She gave no vails to the servants at Castle Rackrent at parting, notwithstanding the old proverb

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of "*as rich as a Jew*," which, she being a Jewish, they built upon with reason—But from first to last she brought nothing but misfortunes amongst us; and if it had not been all along with her, his honor Sir Kit would have been now alive in all appearance.—Her diamond cross was, they say, at the bottom of it all; and it was a shame for her, being his wife, not to show more duty, and to have given it up when he condescended to ask so often for such a bit of a trifle in his distresses, especially when he all along made it no secret he married for money.—But we will not bestow another thought upon her—This much I thought it lay upon my conscience to say, in justice to my poor master's memory.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody no good—the same wind that took the Jew

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Lady Rackrent over to England brought over the new heir to Castle Rackrent.

Here let me pause for breath in my story, for though I had a great regard for every member of the family, yet without compare Sir Conolly, commonly called for short amongst his friends Sir Condy Rackrent, was ever my great favorite, and indeed the most universally beloved man I had ever seen or heard of, not excepting his great ancestor Sir Patrick, to whose memory he, amongst other instances of generosity, erected a handsome marble stone in the church of Castle Rackrent, setting forth in large letters his age, birth, parentage, and many other virtues, concluding with the compliment so justly due, that " Sir Patrick Rackrent lived and died " a monument of old Irish hospitality."

CON-

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CONTINUATION OF THE MEMOIRS OF THE RACKRENT FAMILY.

HISTORY OF SIR CONOLLY RACKRENT.

SIR Condy Rackrent, by the grace of God, heir at law to the Castle Rackrent estate, was a remote branch of the family: born to little or no fortune of his own, he was bred to the bar, at which having many friends to push him, and no mean natural abilities of his own, he doubtless would in process of time, if he could have borne the drudgery of that study, have been rapidly made king's counsel at the least—But things were disposed

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posed of otherwise, and he never went circuit but twice, and then made no figure for want of a fee, and being unable to speak in public. He received his education chiefly in the college of Dublin; but before he came to years of discretion, lived in the country in a small but slated house, within view of the end of the avenue. I remember him bare-footed and headed, running through the street of O'Shaughlin's town, and playing at pitch and toss, ball, marbles, and what not, with the boys of the town, amongst whom my son Jason was a great favorite with him. As for me, he was ever my white-headed boy*—often's the time when I would call in

* *White-headed boy*—is used by the Irish as an expression of fondness.—It is upon a par with the English term *crony*.—We are at a loss for the derivation of this term.

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in at his father's, where I was always made welcome, he would slip down to me in the kitchen, and love to sit on my knee whilst I told him stories of the family and the blood from which he was sprung, and how he might look forward, if the *then* present man should die without childer, to being at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate.—This was then spoke quite and clear at random to please the child, but it pleased Heaven to accomplish my prophecy afterwards, which gave him a great opinion of my judgment in business. He went to a little grammar school with many others, and my son amongst the rest, who was in his class, and not a little useful to him in his book learning, which he acknowledged with gratitude ever after. These rudiments of his education thus completed, he got a

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horseback, to which exercise he was ever addicted, and used to gallop over the country whilst yet but a slip of a boy, under the care of Sir Kit's huntsman, who was very fond of him, and often lent him his gun and took him out a shooting under his own eye. By these means he became well acquainted and popular amongst the poor in the neighbourhood early, for there was not a cabin at which he had not stopped some morning or other along with the huntsman, to drink a glass of burnt whiskey out of an egg-shell, to do him good, and warm his heart, and drive the cold out of his stomach.—The old people always told him he was a great likeness of Sir Patrick, which made him first have an ambition to take after him, as far as his fortune should allow. He left us when of an age to enter the college, and

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there completed his education and nineteenth year; for as he was not born to an estate, his friends thought it incumbent on them to give him the best education which could be had for love or money, and a great deal of money consequently was spent upon him at college and Temple—He was very little altered for the worse, by what he saw there of the great world, for when he came down into the country to pay us a visit we thought him just the same man as ever, hand and glove with every one, and as far from high, though not without his own proper share of family pride, as any man ever you see. Latterly, seeing how Sir Kit and the *Jewish* lived together, and that there was no one between him and the Castle Rack-rent estate, he neglected to apply to the law as much as was expected of him, and

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secretly many of the tenants, and others, advanced him cash upon his note of hand value received, promising bargains of leases and lawful interest should he ever come into the estate.—All this was kept a great secret, for fear the present man hearing of it should take it into his head to take it ill of poor Condy, and so should cut him off for ever by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery to dock the entail—Sir Murtagh would have been the man for that, but Sir Kit was too much taken up philandering to consider the law in this case—or any other.—These practices I have mentioned account for the state of his affairs, I mean Sir Condy's, upon his coming into the Castle Rackrent estate.—He could not command a penny of his first year's income, which, and keeping no accounts, and the great sight of company he did, with many other causes too

numerous

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numerous to mention, was the origin of his distresses.—My son Jason, who was now established agent, and knew every thing, explained matters out of the face to Sir Conolly, and made him sensible of his embarrassed situation. With a great nominal rent-roll, it was almost all paid away in interest, which being for convenience suffered to run on, soon doubled the principla, and Sir Condy was obligated to pass new bonds for the interest, now grown principal, and so on. Whilst this was going on, my son requiring to be paid for his trouble, and many years service in the family gratis, and Sir Condy not willing to take his affairs into his own hands, or to look them even in the face, he gave my son a bargain of some acres which fell out of lease at a reasonable rent; Jason set the land as soon as his

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lease was sealed to under-tenants, to make the rent, and got two hundred a year profit rent, which was little enough, considering his long agency.—He bought the land at twelve years purchase two years afterwards, when Sir Condy was pushed for money on an execution, and was at the same time allowed for his improvements thereon. There was a sort of hunting lodge upon the estate convenient to my son Jason's land, which he had his eye upon about this time; and he was a little jealous of Sir Condy, who talked of setting it to a stranger, who was just come into the country—Captain Moneygawl was the man; he was son and heir to the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's town, who had a great estate in the next county to ours, and my master was loth to disoblige the young gentleman, whose heart

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heart was set upon the lodge; so he wrote him back that the lodge was at his service, and if he would honor him with his company at Castle Rackrent, they could ride over together some morning and look at it before signing the lease.—Accordingly the Captain came over to us, and he and Sir Condy grew the greatest friends ever you see, and were for ever out a shooting or a hunting together, and were very merry in the evenings, and Sir Condy was invited of course to Mount Juliet's town, and the family intimacy that had been in Sir Patrick's time was now recollected, and nothing would serve Sir Condy but he must be three times a week at the least with his new friends—which grieved me, who knew by the Captain's groom and gentleman how they talked of him at Mount Juliet's town,

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making him quite, as one may say, a laughing stock and a butt for the whole company: but they were soon cured of *that* by an accident that surprised 'em not a little, as it did me.—There was a bit of a scrawl found upon the waiting maid of old Mr. Moneygawl's youngest daughter Miss Isabella, that laid open the whole; and her father, they say, was like one out of his right mind, and swore it was the last thing he ever should have thought of when he invited my master to his house, that his daughter should think of such a match.—But their talk signified not a straw; for as Miss Isabella's maid reported, her young mistress was fallen over head and ears in love with Sir Condy, from the first time that ever her brother brought him into the house to dinner: the servant who waited that day behind my master's

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master's chair was the first who knew it, as he says; though it's hard to believe him, for he did not tell till a great while afterwards; but however, it's likely enough as the thing turned out that he was not far out of the way; for towards the middle of dinner, as he says, they were talking of stage plays, having a play-house, and being great play actors at Mount Juliet's town, and Miss Isabella turns short to my master and says—"Have you seen the play-bill, Sir Condy?"—"No, I have not," said he.—"Then more shame for you, (said the Captain her brother) not to know that my sister is to play Juliet to-night, who plays it better than any woman on or off the stage in all Ireland."—"I am very happy to hear it," said Sir Condy, and there the matter dropped for the present; but Sir Condy all this time, and a great

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great while afterwards, was at a terrible nonplus, for he had no liking not he to stage plays, nor to Miss Isabella either; to his mind, as it came out over a bowl of whiskey punch at home, his little Judy M'Quirk, who was daughter to a sister's son of mine, was worth twenty of Miss Isabella—He had seen her often when he stopped at her father's cabin to drink whiskey out of the egg-shell, out of hunting, before he came to the estate, and as she gave out was under something like a promise of marriage to her—Any how I could not but pity my poor master, who was so bothered between them, and he an easy-hearted man that could not disoblige nobody, God bless him. To be sure it was not his place to behave ungenerous to Miss Isabella, who had disobliged all her relations for his sake, as

he

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he remarked; and then she was locked up in her chamber and forbid to think of him any more, which raised his spirit, because his family was, as he observed, as good as theirs at any rate, and the Rackrents a suitable match for the Moneygawls any day in the year; all which was true enough; but it grieved me to see that upon the strength of all this Sir Condy was growing more in the mind to carry off Miss Isabella to Scotland, in spite of her relations, as she desired.

"It's all over with our poor Judy!" said I, with a heavy sigh, making bold to speak to him one night when he was a little cheerful, and standing in the servant's hall all alone with me, as was often his custom—"Not at all (said he) I never was fonder of Judy than at this present speaking, and to prove it to you, (said he, and he

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he took from my hand a halfpenny, change that I had just got along with my tobacco); and to prove it to you, Thady, says he, it's a toss up with me which I shall marry this minute, her or Mr. Moneygawl of Mount Juliet's Town's daughter—so it is"—" Oh, boo! boo*! (says I, making light of it, to see what he would go on to next)—your honor's joking, to be sure, there's no compare between our poor Judy and Miss Isabella, who has a great fortune, they say."—" I'm not a man to mind a fortune, nor never was, (said Sir Condy proudly,) whatever her friends may say; and to make short of it, (says he) I'm come to a determination upon the spot;" with that he swore such a terrible oath, as

* *Boo! Boo!* an exclamation equivalent to *Pshaw!* or *Nonsense.*

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as made me * cross myself—" and by this book, (said he, snatching up my ballad book, mistaking it for my prayer-book, which lay in the window)—and by this book, (said he) and by all the books that ever were shut and opened—it's come to a toss up with me, and I'll stand or fall by the toss, and so, Thady, hand me over that † *pin* out of the ink-horn," and he makes a cross on the smooth side of the halfpenny—" Judy M'Quirk, (said he) her mark, ‡" God bless him! his hand was a little

* *As made me cross myself*—The Roman Catholics.

† *Pin* read *pen*—it formerly was vulgarly pronounced *pin* in Ireland.

‡ *Her mark*—It *was* the custom in Ireland for those who could not write, to make a cross to stand for their signature, as was formerly the practice of our English monarchs.—The Editor inserts the fac simile

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little unsteadied by all the whiskey punch he had taken, but it was plain to see his heart was for poor Judy.—My heart was all as one as in my mouth, when I saw the halfpenny up in the air, but I said nothing at all, and when it came down, I was glad I had kept myself to myself, for to be sure now it was all over with poor Judy. — " Judy's out a luck," said I, striving to laugh—" I'm out a luck," said he, and I never saw a man look so cast down ; he took up the halfpenny off the flag, and walked away quite sobered like by the shock.—Now though as easy a man

simile of an Irish *mark*, which may hereafter be valuable to a judicious antiquary—

Her
Judy ✕ M'Quirk
Mark.

In bonds or notes, signed in this manner, a witness is requisite, as the name is frequently written by him or her.

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a man you would think as any in the wide world, there was no such thing as making him unsay one of these sort of vows*, which he had learned to reverence when young, as I well remember teaching him to toss up for bog berries on my knee.—So I saw the affair was as good as settled between

* *Vows*—It has been maliciously and unjustly hinted, that the lower classes of the people in Ireland pay but little regard to oaths; yet it is certain that some oaths or vows have great power over their minds.—Sometimes they swear they will be revenged on some of their neighbours; this is an oath they never are known to break.—But what is infinitely more extraordinary and unaccountable, they sometimes make a vow against whiskey; these vows are usually limited to a short time.—A woman who has a drunken husband is most fortunate if she can prevail upon him to go to the priest, and make a vow against whiskey for a year, or a month, or a week, or a day.

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between him and Miss Isabella, and I had no more to say but to wish her joy, which I did the week afterwards upon her return from Scotland with my poor master.

My new lady was young, as might be supposed of a lady that had been carried off by her own consent to Scotland, but I could only see her at the first through her veil, which, from bashfulness or fashion, she kept over her face—"And am I to walk through all this crowd of people, my dearest love," said she to Sir Condy, meaning us servants and tenants, who had gathered at the back gate—"My dear (said Sir Condy) there's nothing for it but to walk, or to let me carry you as far as the house, for you see the back road's too narrow for a carriage, and the great piers have tumbled down across the front approach,

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so there's no driving the right way by reason of the ruins"—" Plato, thou reasonest well!" said she, or words to that effect, which I could no ways understand; and again, when her foot stumbled against a broken bit of a car wheel, she cried out—" Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"—Well, thought I, to be sure if she's no Jewish like the last, she is a mad woman for certain, which is as bad: it would have been as well for my poor master to have taken up with poor Judy, who is in her right mind any how.

She was dressed like a mad woman, moreover, more than like any one I ever saw afore or since, and I could not take my eyes off her, but still followed behind her, and her feathers on the top of her hat were broke going in at the low back door, and she pulled out her little bottle

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out of her pocket to smell to when she found herself in the kitchen, and said, "I shall faint with the heat of this odious, odious place"—"My dear, it's only three steps across the kitchen, and there's a fine air if your veil was up," said Sir Condy, and with that threw back her veil, so that I had then a full sight of her face; she had not at all the colour of one going to faint, but a fine complexion of her own, as I then took it to be, though her maid told me after it was all put on; but even complexion and all taken in, she was no way, in point of good looks, to compare to poor Judy; and with all she had a quality toss with her; but may be it was my over partiality to Judy, into whose place I may say she stept, that made me notice all this.—To do her justice, however, she was, when we came to know

her

her better, very liberal in her house-keeping, nothing at all of the Skin-flint in her; she left every thing to the housekeeper, and her own maid, Mrs. Jane, who went with her to Scotland, gave her the best of characters for generosity; she seldom or ever wore a thing twice the same way, Mrs. Jane told us, and was always pulling her things to pieces, and giving them away, never being used in her father's house to think of expence in any thing—and she reckoned, to be sure, to go on the same way at Castle Rackrent; but when I came to enquire, I learned that her father was so mad with her for running off after his locking her up, and forbidding her to think any more of Sir Condy, that he would not give her a farthing; and it was lucky for her she had a few thousands of her own, which had been

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left to her by a good grandmother, and these were very convenient to begin with. My master and my lady set out in great stile; they had the finest coach and chariot, and horses and liveries, and cut the greatest dash in the county, returning their wedding visits!—and it was immediately reported that her father had undertaken to pay all my master's debts, and of course all his tradesmen gave him a new credit, and every thing went on smack smooth, and I could not but admire my lady's spirit, and was proud to see Castle Rackrent again in all its glory.—My lady had a fine taste for building and furniture, and play-houses, and she turned every thing topsy-turvy, and made the barrack-room into a theatre, as she called it, and she went on as if she had a mint of money at her elbow; and to be sure I thought

she

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she knew best, especially as Sir Condy said nothing to it one way or the other. All he asked, God bless him! was to live in peace and quietness, and have his bottle, or his whiskey punch at night to himself.—Now this was little enough, to be sure, for any gentleman, but my lady coudn't abide the smell of the whiskey punch.—"My dear, (says he) you liked it well enough before we were married, and why not now?"—"My dear, (said she) I never smelt it, or I assure you I should never have prevailed upon myself to marry you."—"My dear, I am sorry you did not smell it, but we can't help that now, (returned my master, without putting himself in a passion, or going out of his way, but just fair and easy helped himself to another glass, and drank it off to her good health:) All this the butler told

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me, who was going backwards and forwards unnoticed with the jug, and hot water, and sugar, and all he thought wanting.—Upon my master's swallowing the last glass of whiskey punch, my lady burst into tears, calling him an ungrateful, base, barbarous wretch! and went off into a fit of hysterics, as I think Mrs. Jane called it, and my poor master was greatly frighted, this being the first thing of the kind he had seen; and he fell straight on his knees before her, and, like a good-hearted cratur as he was, ordered the whiskey punch out of the room, and did 'em throw open all the windows, and cursed himself, and then my lady came to herself again, and when she saw him kneeling there, bid him get up, and not foreswear himself any more, for that she was sure he did not love her, nor never had,

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had (this we learnt from Mrs. Jane, who was the only person left present at all this—" My dear, (returns my master, thinking to be sure of Judy, as well he might) whoever told you so is an incendiary, and I'll have 'em turned out of the house this minute, if you'll only let me know which of them it was."—" Told me what?" says my lady, starting upright in her chair.—" Nothing, nothing at all, (said my master, seeing he had overshot himself, and that my lady spoke at random) but what you said just now that I did not love you, Bella, who told you that?"—" My own sense," said she, and she put her handkerchief to her face, and leant back upon Mrs. Jane, and fell to sobbing as if her heart would break.—" Why now Bella, this is very strange of you, (said my poor master) if no-

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body has told you nothing, what is it you are taking on for at this rent, and exposing yourself and me for this way?"—"Oh say no more, say no more, every word you say kills me, (cried my lady, and she ran on like one, as Mrs. Jane says, raving)—Oh Sir Condy, Sir Condy! I that had hoped to find a——" Why now faith this is a little too much; do Bella, try to recollect yourself, my dear; am not I your husband, and of your own chusing, and is not that enough?"—"Oh too much! too much!" cried my lady, wringing her hands.—"Why, my dear, come to your right senses for the love of heaven—see is not the whiskey punch, jug and bowl and all, gone out of the room long ago? what is it in the wide world you have to complain of?"—But still my lady sobbed and sobbed, and called

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called herself the most wretched of women; and among other out of the way provoking things, asked my master, was he fit company for her, and he drinking all night.—This nettling him, which it was hard to do, he replied, that as to drinking all night, he was then as sober as she was herself, and that it was no matter how much a man drank, provided it did no ways affect or stagger him—that as to being fit company for her, he thought himself of a family to be fit company for any lord or lady in the land, but that he never prevented her from seeing and keeping what company she pleased, and that he had done his best to make Castle Rackrent pleasing to her since her marriage, having always had the house full of visitors, and if her own relations were not amongst them, he said, that was their

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their own fault and their pride's fault, of which he was sorry to find her ladyship had so unbecoming a share—So concluding, he took his candle and walked off to his room, and my lady was in her tantarums for three days after, and would have been so much longer, no doubt, but some of her friends, young ladies and cousins and second cousins, came to Castle Rackrent, by my poor master's express invitation, to see her, and she was in a hurry to get up, as Mrs. Jane called it, a play for them, and so got well, and was as finely dressed and as happy to look at as ever, and all the young ladies who used to be in her room dressing of her said in Mrs. Jane's hearing, that my lady was the happiest bride ever they had seen, and that to be sure a love match was the only thing for happiness, where

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where the parties could any way afford it.

As to affording it, God knows it was little they knew of the matter; my lady's few thousands could not last for ever, especially the way she went on with them, and letters from tradesfolk came every post thick and threefold, with bills as long as my arm of years and years standing; my son Jason had 'em all handed over to him, and the pressing letters were all unread by Sir Condy, who hated trouble and could never be brought to hear talk of business, but still put it off and put it off, saying—settle it any how, or bid 'em call again to-morrow, or speak to me about it some other time.—Now it was hard to find the right time to speak, for in the mornings he was a-bed and in the evenings over his bottle, where no gen-

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gentleman chuses to be disturbed.—Things in a twelvemonth or so came to such a pass, there was no making a shift to go on any longer, though we were all of us well enough used to live from hand to mouth at Castle Rackrent. One day, I remember, when there was a power of company, all sitting after dinner in the dusk, not to say dark in the drawing-room, my lady having rung five times for candles and none to go up, the housekeeper sent up the footman, who went to my mistress and whispered behind her chair how it was.—"My lady, (says he) there are no candles in the house."—"Bless me, (says she) then take a horse, and gallop off as fast as you can to Carrick O'Fungus and get some."—"And in the mean time tell them to step into the play-house, and try if there are not some bits

bits left," added Sir Condy, who happened to be within hearing. The man was sent up again to my lady, to let her know there was no horse to go but one that wanted a shoe.—" Go to Sir Condy, then, I know nothing at all about the horses, (said my lady) why do you plague me with these things?"—How it was settled I really forget, but to the best of my remembrance, the boy was sent down to my son Jason's to borrow candles for the night. Another time in the winter, and on a desperate cold day, there was no turf in for the parlour and above stairs, and scarce enough for the cook in the kitchen, the little *gossoon** was

* *Gossoon*—a little boy—from the French word *Garcon*.—In most Irish families there *used* to be a bare-footed Gossoon, who was slave to the cook and the

was sent off to the neighbours to see and beg or borrow some, but none could he bring back with him for love or money; so as needs must we were forced to trouble Sir Condy—" Well, and if there's no turf to be had in the town or country, why what signifies talking any more about it, can't ye go and cut down a tree?"—" Which tree, please your honor?" I made bold to say.—" Any tree at all that's good to burn, (said Sir Condy); send off smart, and get one down and the fires lighted before my lady gets up to breakfast, or the house will be too hot to hold us."—He was always very considerate in all things about my lady, and she

the butler, and who in fact, without wages, did all the hard work of the house.—Gossoons were always employed as messengers.—The Editor has known a gossoon to go on foot, without shoes or stockings, fifty-one English miles between sun-rise and sun-set.

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she wanted for nothing whilst he had it to give.—Well, when things were tight with them about this time, my son Jason put in a word again about the lodge, and made a genteel offer to lay down the purchase money to relieve Sir Condy's distresses.—Now Sir Condy had it from the best authority, that there were two writs come down to the Sheriff against his person, and the Sheriff, as ill luck would have it, was no friend of his, and talked how he must do his duty, and how he would do it, if it was against the first man in the county, or even his own brother, let alone one who had voted against him at the last election, as Sir Condy had done.—So Sir Condy was fain to take the purchase money of the lodge from my son Jason to settle matters; and sure enough it was a good bargain for both parties, for

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my son bought the fee simple of a good house for him and his heirs for ever for little or nothing, and by selling of it for that same my master saved himself from a gaol. Every way it turned out fortunate for Sir Condy; for before the money was all gone there came a general election, and he being so well beloved in the county, and one of the oldest families, no one had a better right to stand candidate for the vacancy; and he was called upon by all his friends, and the whole county I may say, to declare himself against the old member, who had little thought of a contest. My master did not relish the thoughts of a troublesome canvas, and all the ill will he might bring upon himself by disturbing the peace of the county, besides the expence, which was no trifle; but all his friends called upon one another to

subscribe, and formed themselves into a committee, and wrote all his circular letters for him, and engaged all his agents, and did all the business unknown to him, and he was well pleased that it should be so at last, and my lady herself was very sanguine about the election, and there was open house kept night and day at Castle Rackrent, and I thought I never saw my lady look so well in her life as she did at that time; there were grand dinners, and all the gentlemen drinking success to Sir Condy till they were carried off; and then dances and balls, and the ladies all finishing with a raking pot of tea in the morning. Indeed it was well the company made it their choice to sit up all nights, for there was not half beds enough for the sights of people that were in it, though there were shake downs in

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the drawing-room always made up before sun-rise, for those that liked it. For my part, when I saw the doings that were going on, and the loads of claret that went down the throats of them that had no right to be asking for it, and the sights of meat that went up to table and never came down, besides what was carried off to one or t'other below stairs, I couldn't but pity my poor master who was to pay for all, but I said nothing for fear of gaining myself ill will. The day of election will come some time or other, says I to myself, and all will be over—and so it did, and a glorious day it was as any I ever had the happiness to see; huzza! huzza! Sir Condy Rackrent for ever, was the first thing I hears in the morning, and the same and nothing else all day, and not a soul sober only just when polling, enough

enough to give their votes as became 'em, and to stand the brow-beating of the lawyers who came tight enough upon us; and many of our freeholders were knocked off, having never a freehold that they could safely swear to, and Sir Condy was not willing to have any man perjure himself for his sake, as was done on the other side, God knows, but no matter for that.—Some of our friends were dumb-founded, by the lawyers asking them—had they ever been upon the ground where their freeholds lay?—Now Sir Condy being tender of the consciences of them that had not been on the ground, and so could not swear to a freehold when cross-examined by them lawyers, sent out for a couple of cleavesfull of the sods of his farm of Gulteeshinnagh: and as soon as the sods came into town he set each man upon his sod, and

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so then ever after, you know, they could fairly swear they had been upon the ground*.—We gained the day by this piece of honesty. I thought I should have died in the streets for joy when I seed my poor master chaired, and he bare-headed and it raining as hard as it could pour; but all the crowds following him up and down, and he bowing and shaking hands with the whole town.—"Is that Sir Condy Rackrent in the chair?" says a stranger man in the crowd—"The same," says I—who else should it be? God bless him!"—"And I take it then you belong to him," says he.—"Not at all," (says I) "but I live under him, and have done so these two hundred years and upwards, me and mine."—"It's lucky for you, then,"

* This was actually done at an election in Ireland.

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then," rejoins he, "that he is where he is, for was he any where else but in the chair this minute he'd be in a worse place, for I was sent down on purpose to put him up*, and here's my order for so doing in my pocket."—It was a writ that villain the wine merchant had marked against my poor master, for some hundreds of an old debt which it was a shame to be talking of at such a time as this.—"Put it in your pocket again, and think no more of it any ways for seven years to come, my honest friend, (says I), he's a member a Parliament now, praised be God, and such as you can't touch him; and if you'll take a fool's advice, I'd have ye keep out of the way this day, or you'll run a good chance of getting your deserts amongst my master's friends, unless you chuse to

* *To put him up*—to put him in gaol.

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drink his health like every body else."—" I've no objection to that in life," said he; so we went into one of the public houses kept open for my master, and we had a great deal of talk about this thing and that, and "how is it (says he) your master keeps on so well upon his legs; I heard say he was off Holantide twelvemonth past."—"Never was better or heartier in his life," said I.—"It's not that I'm after speaking of, (said he) but there was a great report of his being ruined."—"No matter, (says I) the Sheriffs two years running were his particular friends, and the Sub-sheriffs were both of them gentlemen, and were properly spoken to; and so the writs lay snug with them, and they, as I understand by my son Jason the custom in them cases is, returned the writs as they came to them

to

to those that sent 'em, much good may it do them, with word in Latin that no such person as Sir Condy Rackrent, Bart. was to be found in those parts."—"Oh, I understand all those ways better, no offence, than you," says he, laughing, and at the same time filling his glass to my master's good health, which convinced me he was a warm friend in his heart after all, though appearances were a little suspicious or so at first.—"To be sure, (says he, still cutting his joke) when a man's over head and shoulders in debt, he may live the faster for it and the better if he goes the right way about it—or else how is it so many live on so well, as we see every day, after they are ruined?"—"How is it, (says I, being a little merry at the time) how is it but just as you see the ducks in the kitchen yard just after

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their heads are cut off by the cook, running round and round faster than when alive."—At which conceit he fell a laughing, and remarked he had never had the happiness yet to see the chicken yard at Castle Rackrent.—" It won't be long so, I hope, (says I) you'll be kindly welcome there, as every body is made by my master; there is not a freer spoken gentleman or a better beloved, high or low, in all Ireland."—And of what passed after this I'm not sensible, for we drank Sir Condy's good health and the downfal of his enemies till we could stand no longer ourselves—And little did I think at the time, or till long after, how I was harbouring my poor master's greatest of enemies myself. This fellow had the impudence, after coming to see the chicken-yard, to get me to introduce him to my

son

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son Jason—little more than the man that never was born did I guess at his meaning by this visit; he gets him a correct list fairly drawn out from my son Jason of all my master's debts, and goes straight round to the creditors and buys them all up, which he did easy enough, seeing the half of them never expected to see their money out of Sir Condy's hands. Then when this base-minded limb of the law, as I afterwards detected him in being, grew to be sole creditor over all, he takes him out a custodiam on all the denominations and sub-denominations, and every carton and half carton upon the estate—and not content with that, must have an execution against the master's goods and down to the furniture, though little worth, of Castle Rackrent itself.—But this is a part of my story, I'm not come to yet,

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yet, and it's bad to be forestalling—ill news flies fast enough all the world over. To go back to the day of the election, which I never think of but with pleasure and tears of gratitude for those good times; after the election was quite and clean over, there comes shoals of people from all parts, claiming to have obliged my master with their votes, and putting him in mind of promises which he could never remember himself to have made—one was to have a freehold for each of his four sons—another was to have a renewal of a lease—another an abatement—one came to be paid ten guineas for a pair of silver buckles sold my master on the hustings, which turned out to be no better than copper gilt—another had a long bill for oats, the half of which never went into the granary to my certain knowledge, and the

the other half were not fit for the cattle to touch; but the bargain was made the week before the election, and the coach and saddle horses were got into order for the day, besides a vote fairly got by them oats — so no more reasoning on that head — but then there was no end to them that were telling Sir Condy he had engaged to make their sons excisemen, or high constables, or the like; and as for them that had bills to give in for liquor, and beds, and straw, and ribbons, and horses, and post-chaises for the gentlemen freeholders that came from all parts and other counties to vote for my master, and were not, to be sure, to be at any charges, there was no standing against all these; and worse than all the gentlemen of my master's committee, who managed all for him, and talked how they'd bring him in without

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without costing him a penny, and subscribed by hundreds very genteelly, forgot to pay their subscriptions, and had laid out in agents and lawyers, fees and secret service money, the Lord knows how much, and my master could never ask one of them for their subscription, you are sensible, nor for the price of a fine horse he had sold one of them, so it all was left at his door. He could never, God bless him again, I say, bring himself to ask a gentleman for money, despising such sort of conversation himself; but others, who were not gentlemen born, behaved very uncivil in pressing him at this very time, and all he could do to content 'em all was to take himself out of the way as fast as possible to Dublin, where my lady had taken a house as fitting for him, a Member of Parliament, to

attend

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attend his duty in there all the winters.—I was very lonely when the whole family was gone, and all the things they had ordered to go and forgot sent after them by the stage. There was then a great silence in Castle Rackrent, and I went moping from room to room, hearing the doors clap for want of right locks, and the wind through the broken windows that the glazier never would come to mend, and the rain coming through the roof and best cielings all over the house, for want of the slater whose bill was not paid; besides our having no slates or shingles for that part of the old building which was shingled, and burnt when the chimney took fire, and had been open to the weather ever since. I took myself to the servants' hall in the evening to smoke my pipe as usual, but missed the bit of talk

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talk we used to have there sadly, and ever after was content to stay in the kitchen and boil my little potatoes*, and put up my bed there; and every post day I looked in the newspaper, but no news of my master in the house.—He never spoke good or bad—but, as the butler wrote down word to my son Jason, was very ill used by the government about a place that was promised him and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honorably, and being greatly abused for it, which hurt him greatly, he having the name of a great patriot in the country before. The house and living in Dublin too

* *My little potatoes*—Thady does not mean by this expression that his potatoes were less than other people's, or less than the usual size—*little* is here used only as an Italian diminutive, expressive of fondness.

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too was not to be had for nothing, and my son Jason said Sir Condy must soon be looking out for a new agent, for I've done my part and can do no more—if my lady had the bank of Ireland to spend, it would go all in one winter, and Sir Condy would never gainsay her, though he does not care the rind of a lemon for her all the while.

Now I could not bear to hear Jason giving out after this manner against the family, and twenty people standing by in the street. Ever since he had lived at the Lodge of his own he looked down, howsomever, upon poor old Thady, and was grown quite a great gentleman, and had none of his relations near him—no wonder he was no kinder to poor Sir Condy than to his own kith and kin*.—In the spring it

* *Kith and kin*—family or relations—*Kin* from *kind*—*Kith* from——we know not what.

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it was the villain that got the list of the debts from him brought down the Custodiam, Sir Condy still attending his duty in Parliament; and I could scarcely believe my own old eyes, or the spectacles with which I read it, when I was shewn my son Jason's name joined in the Custodiam; but he told me it was only for form's sake, and to make things easier, than if all the land was under the power of a total stranger.—Well, I did not know what to think—it was hard to be talking ill of my own, and I could not but grieve for my poor master's fine estate, all torn by these vultures of the law; so I said nothing, but just looked on to see how it would all end.

It was not till the month of June that he and my lady came down to the country.—My master was pleased to take me aside

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aside with him to the brewhouse that same evening, to complain to me of my son and other matters, in which he said he was confident I had neither art nor part: he said a great deal more to me, to whom he had been fond to talk ever since he was my white-headed boy before he came to the estate, and all that he said about poor Judy I can never forget, but scorn to repeat.—He did not say an unkind word of my lady, but wondered, as well he might, her relations would do nothing for him or her, and they in all this great distress.—He did not take any thing long to heart, let it be as it would, and had no more malice or thought of the like in him than the child that can't speak; this night it was all out of his head before he went to his bed.—He took his jug of whiskey punch—My lady was grown quite easy

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about the whiskey punch by this time, and so I did suppose all was going on right betwixt them, till I learnt the truth through Mrs. Jane, who talked over their affairs to the housekeeper, and I within hearing. The night my master came home, thinking of nothing at all, but just making merry, he drank his bumper toast " to the deserts of that old curmudgeon my father-in-law, and all enemies at Mount Juliet's town."—Now my lady was no longer in the mind she formerly was, and did no ways relish hearing her own friends abused in her presence, she said.—" Then why don't they shew themselves your friends, (said my master,) and oblige me with the loan of the money I condescended, by your advice, my dear, to ask?—It's now three posts since I sent off my letter, desiring in the postscript a speedy answer

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answer by the return of the post, and no account at all from them yet."—" I expect they'll write to *me* next post," says my lady, and that was all that passed then; but it was easy from this to guess there was a coolness betwixt them, and with good cause.

The next morning being post day, I sent off the gossoon early to the post-office to see was there any letter likely to set matters to rights, and he brought back one with the proper post-mark upon it, sure enough, and I had no time to examine, or make any conjecture more about it, for into the servants' hall pops Mrs. Jane with a blue bandbox in her hand, quite entirely mad.—" Dear Ma'am, and what's the matter?" says I.—" Matter enough, (says she) don't you see my bandbox is wet through, and my best bonnet

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here spoiled, besides my lady's, and all by the rain coming in through that gallery window, that you might have got mended if you'd had any sense, Thady, all the time we were in town in the winter."— "Sure I could not get the glazier, Ma'am," says I.—"You might have stopped it up any how," says she.—"So I did, Ma'am, to the best of my ability, one of the panes with the old pillow-case, and the other with a piece of the old stage green curtain—sure I was as careful as possible all the time you were away, and not a drop of rain came in at that window of all the windows in the house, all winter, Ma'am, when under my care; and now the family's come home, and it's summer time, I never thought no more about it to be sure—but dear, it's a pity to think of your bonnet, Ma'am—but here's what will please

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please you, Ma'am, a letter from Mount Juliet's town for my lady." With that she snatches it from me without a word more, and runs up the back stairs to my mistress; I follows with a slate to make up the window—this window was in the long passage, or gallery, as my lady gave out orders to have it called, in the gallery leading to my master's bed-chamber and her's, and when I went up with the slate, the door having no lock, and the bolt spoilt, was a-jar after Mrs. Jane, and as I was busy with the window, I heard all that was saying within.

" Well, what's in your letter, Bella, my dear? (says he) you're a long time spelling it over."—" Won't you shave this morning, Sir Condy," says she, and put the letter in her pocket.—" I shaved the day before yesterday, (says he) my

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and that's not what I'm thinking of now—but any thing to oblige you, and to have peace and quietness, my dear"—and presently I had a glimpse of him at the cracked glass over the chimney-piece, standing up shaving himself to please my lady.—But she took no notice, but went on reading her book, and Mrs. Jane doing her hair behind.—" What is it you're reading there, my dear?—phoo, I've cut myself with this razor; the man's a cheat that sold it me, but I have not paid him for it yet—What is it you're reading there? did you hear me asking you, my dear?" " The sorrows of Werter," replies my lady, as well as I could hear,—" I think more of the sorrows of Sir Condy, (says my master, joking like).—What news from Mount Juliet's town?"—" No news, (says she) but the old story over again; my

my friends all reproaching me still for what I can't help now."—" Is it for marrying me, (said my master, still shaving) what signifies, as you say, talking of that when it can't be helped now."

With that she heaved a great sigh, that I heard plain enough in the passage.—" And did not you use me basely, Sir Condy, (says she) not to tell me you were ruined before I married you?"—" Tell you, my dear, (said he) did you ever ask me one word about it? and had not you friends enough of your own, that were telling you nothing else from morning to night, if you'd have listened to them slanders."—" No slanders, nor are my friends slanderers; and I can't bear to hear them treated with disrespect as I do, (says my lady, and took out her pocket handkerchief)—they are the best of friends,

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and if I had taken their advice—But my father was wrong to lock me up, I own; that was the only unkind thing I can charge him with; for if he had not locked me up, I should never have had a serious thought of running away as I did."—" Well, my dear, (said my master) don't cry and make yourself uneasy about it now, when it's all over, and you have the man of your own choice in spite of 'em all."—" I was too young, I know, to make a choice at the time you ran away with me, I'm sure," says my lady, and another sigh, which made my master, half shaved as he was, turn round upon her in surprise—" Why Bella, (says he) you can't deny what you know as well as I do, that it was at your own particular desire, and that twice under your own hand and seal expressed, that I should carry you off as I did to Scotland,

and

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and marry you there."—" Well, say no more about it, Sir Condy, (said my lady, pettish like)—I was a child then, you know."—" And as far as I know, you're little better now, my dear Bella, to be talking in this manner to your husband's *face*; but I won't take it ill of you, for I know it's something in that letter you put in your pocket just now, that has set you against me all on a sudden, and imposed upon your understanding."—" It is not so very easy as you think it, Sir Condy, to impose upon *my* understanding", (said my lady)—" My dear, (says he) I have, and with reason, the best opinion of your understanding of any man now breathing, and you know I have never set my own in competition with it; till now, my dear Bella, (says he, taking her hand from her book as kind as could be,) till now—

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when I have the great advantage of being quite cool, and you not; so don't believe one word your friends say against your own Sir Condy, and lend me the letter out of your pocket, till I see what it is they can have to say."—" Take it then, (says she,) and as you are quite cool, I hope it is a proper time to request you'll allow me to comply with the wishes of all my own friends, and return to live with my father and family, during the remainder of my wretched existence, at Mount Juliet's Town."

At this my poor master fell back a few paces, like one that had been shot—" You're not serious, Bella, (says he) and could you find it in your heart to leave me this way in the very middle of my distresses, all alone?"—But recollecting himself after his first surprise, and a moment's

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ment's time for reflection, he said, with a great deal of consideration for my lady —" Well, Bella, my dear, I believe you are right; for what could you do at Castle Rackrent, and an execution against the goods coming down, and the furniture to be canted, and an auction in the house all next week—so you have my full consent to go, since that is your desire, only you must not think of my accompanying you, which I could not in honour do upon the terms I always have been since our marriage with your friends; besides I have business to transact at home—so in the mean time, if we are to have any breakfast this morning, let us go down and have it for the last time in peace and comfort, Bella."

Then as I heard my master coming to the passage door, I finished fastening up my

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my slate against the broken pane, and when he came out, I wiped down the window seat with my wig*, bade him a good morrow as kindly as I could, seeing he was in trouble, though he strove and thought to hide it from me.—"This window

* Wigs were formerly used instead of brooms in Ireland, for sweeping or dusting tables, stairs, &c. The Editor doubted the fact, till he saw a labourer of the old school sweep down a flight of stairs with his wig; he afterwards put it on his head again with the utmost composure, and said, "Oh please your honour, it's never a bit the worse."

It must be acknowledged that these men are not in any danger of catching cold by taking off their wigs occasionally, because they usually have fine crops of hair growing under their wigs.—The wigs are often yellow, and the hair which appears from beneath them black; the wigs are usually too small, and are raised up by the hair beneath, or by the ears of the wearers.

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dow is all racked and tattered, (says I,) and it's what I'm striving to mend." "It *is* all racked and tattered plain enough, (says he) and never mind mending it, honest old Thady, says he, it will do well enough for you and I, and that's all the company we shall have left in the house by-and-bye."—"I'm sorry to see your honour so low this morning, (says I,) but you'll be better after taking your breakfast."—"Step down to the servants' hall, (says he) and bring me up the pen and ink into the parlour, and get a sheet of paper from Mrs. Jane, for I have business that can't brook to be delayed, and come into the parlour with the pen and ink yourself, Thady, for I must have you to witness my signing a paper I have to execute in a hurry."—Well, while I was getting of the pen and ink-

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ink-horn, and the sheet of paper, I ransacked my brains to think what could be the papers my poor master could have to execute in such a hurry, he that never thought of such a thing as doing business afore breakfast in the whole course of his life for any man living—but this was for my lady, as I afterwards found, and the more genteel of him after all her treatment.

I was just witnessing the paper that he had scrawled over, and was shaking the ink out of my pen upon the carpet, when my lady came in to breakfast, and she started as if it had been a ghost, as well she might, when she saw Sir Condy writing at this unseasonable hour.—"That will do very well, Thady," says he to me, and took the paper I had signed to, without knowing what upon the earth

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earth it might be, out of my hands, and walked, folding it up, to my lady—

" You are concerned in this, my lady Rackrent, (says he, putting it into her hands,) and I beg you'll keep this memorandum safe, and shew it to your friends the first thing you do when you get home, but put it in your pocket now, my dear, and let us eat our breakfast, in God's name."—" What is all this?" said my lady, opening the paper in great curiosity—" It's only a bit of a memorandum of what I think becomes me to do whenever I am able, (says my master); you know my situation, tied hand and foot at the present time being, but that can't last always, and when I'm dead and gone, the land will be to the good, Thady, you know; and take notice it's my intention your lady should have a clear

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clear five hundred a year jointure off the estate, afore any of my debts are paid."—"Oh, please your honour, says I, I can't expect to live to see that time, being now upwards of fourscore and ten years of age, and you a young man, and likely to continue so, by the help of God."—I was vexed to see my lady so insensible too, for all she said was—"This is very genteel of you, Sir Condy—You need not wait any longer, Thady"—so I just picked up the pen and ink that had tumbled on the floor, and heard my master finish with saying—"You behaved very genteel to me, my dear, when you threw all the little you had in your own power, along with yourself, into my hands; and and as I don't deny but what you may have had some things to complain of, (to be sure he was thinking then of Judy,

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or of the whiskey punch, one or t'other, or both); and as I don't deny but you may have had something to complain of, my dear, it is but fair you should have something in the form of compensation to look forward too agreeably in future; besides it's an act of justice to myself, that none of your friends, my dear, may ever have it to say against me I married for money, and not for love."—"That is the last thing I should ever have thought of saying of you, Sir Condy," said my lady, looking very gracious.—"Then, my dear, (said Sir Condy) we shall part as good friends as we met, so, all's right."

I was greatly rejoiced to hear this, and went out of the parlour to report it all to the kitchen.—The next morning my lady and Mrs. Jane set out for Mount

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Jullet's town in the jaunting car; many wondered at my lady's chusing to go away, considering all things, upon the jaunting car, as if it was only a party of pleasure; but they did not know till I told them, that the coach was all broke in the journey down, and no other vehicle but the car to be had; besides, my lady's friends were to send their coach to meet her at the cross roads—so it was all done very proper.

My poor master was in great trouble after my lady left us.—The execution came down, and every thing at Castle Rackrent was seized by the gripers, and my son Jason, to his shame be it spoken, amongst them—I wondered, for the life of me, how he could harden himself to do it, but then he had been studying the law, and had made himself attorney

your name and hand-writing in that condition would not, if brought before the courts, benefit me a straw, wherefore let us settle all before we go deeper in the punch-bowl."—" Settle all as you will, (said Sir Condy, clapping his hands to his ears) but let me hear no more, I'm bothered to death this night."—" You've only to sign," said Jason, putting the pen to him.—" Take all and be content," said my master—So he signed—and the man who brought in the punch witnessed it, for I was not able, but crying like a child; and besides Jason said, which I was glad of, that I was no fit witness, being so old and doating. It was so bad with me, I could not taste a drop of the punch itself, though my master himself, God bless him! in the midst of his trouble, poured out a glass for me and brought it

it up to my lips.—" Not a drop, I thank your honor's honor as much as if I took it though," and I just set down the glass as it was and went out; and when I got to the street door, the neighbour's childer who were playing at marbles there, seeing me in great trouble, left their play, and gathered about me to know what ailed me; and I told them all, for it was a great relief to me to speak to these poor childer, that seemed to have some natural feeling left in them: and when they were made sensible that Sir Condy was going to leave Castle Rackrent for good and all, they set up a whillalu that could be heard to the farthest end of the street; and one fine boy he was, that my master had given an apple to that morning, cried the loudest, but they all were the same sorry, for Sir Condy was greatly beloved amongst

amongst the childer * for letting them go a nutting in the demesne without saying a word to them, though my lady objected to them.—The people in the town who were the most of them standing at their doors, hearing the childer cry, would know the reason of it; and when the report was made known, the people one and all gathered in great anger against my son Jason, and terror at the notion of his coming to be landlord over them, and they cried, No Jason! No Jason!—Sir Condy! Sir Condy! Sir Condy Rackrent for ever! and the mob grew so great and so loud I was frighted, and made my way back to the house to warn my son to make his escape, or hide himself for fear of the consequences.—Jason would not believe me, till they came all round the

* This is the invariable pronunciation of the lower Irish.

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house and to the windows with great shouts—then he grew quite pale, and asked Sir Condy what had he best do?—"I'll tell you what you'd best do, (said Sir Condy, who was laughing to see his fright) finish your glass first, then let's go to the window and shew ourselves, and I'll tell 'em, or you shall if you please, that I'm going to the Lodge for change of air for my health, and by my own desire, for the rest of my days."—"Do so," said Jason, who never meant it should have been so, but could not refuse him the Lodge at this unseasonable time. Accordingly Sir Condy threw up the sash and explained matters, and thanked all his friends, and bid 'em look in at the punch bowl, and observe that Jason and he had been sitting over it very good friends; so the mob was content, and he sent 'em out some whiskey to drink his health, and

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that was the last time his honor's health was ever drank at Castle Rackrent.

The very next day, being too proud, as he said to me, to stay an hour longer in a house that did not belong to him, he sets off to the Lodge, and I along with him not many hours after. And there was great bemoaning through all O'Shaughlin's town, which I stayed to witness, and gave my poor master a full account of when I got to the Lodge.—He was very low and in his bed when I got there, and complained of a great pain about his heart, but I guessed it was only trouble, and all the business, let alone vexation, he had gone through of late; and knowing the nature of him from a boy, I took my pipe, and while smoking it by the chimney, began telling him how he was beloved and regretted in the county, and it

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did him a deal of good to hear it.—"Your honor has a great many friends yet that you don't know of, rich and poor, in the county (says I); for as I was coming along on the road I met two gentlemen in their own carriages, who asked after you, knowing me, and wanted to know where you was, and all about you, and even how old I was—think of that."—Then he wakened out of his doze, and began questioning me who the gentlemen were. And the next morning it came into my head to go, unknown to any body, with my master's compliments round to many of the gentlemen's houses where he and my lady used to visit, and people that I knew were his great friends, and would go to Cork to serve him any day in the year, and I made bold to try to borrow a trifle of cash from them.—They all treated

me

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me very civil for the most part, and asked a great many questions very kind about my lady and Sir Condy and all the family, and were greatly surprised to learn from me Castle Rackrent was sold, and my master at the Lodge for his health; and they all pitied him greatly, and he had their good wishes if that would do, but money was a thing they unfortunately had not any of them at this time to spare. I had my journey for my pains, and I, not used to walking, nor supple as formerly, was greatly tired, but had the satisfaction of telling my master when I got to the Lodge all the civil things said by high and low.

" Thady, (says he) all you've been telling me brings a strange thought into my head; I've a notion I shall not be long for this world any how, and I've a great

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fancy to see my own funeral afore I die." I was greatly shocked at the first speaking to hear him speak so light about his funeral, and he to all appearance in good health, but recollecting myself, answered—" To be sure it would be a fine sight as one could see, I dared to say, and one I should be proud to witness, and I did not doubt his honor's would be as great a funeral as ever Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin's was, and such a one as that had never been known in the county afore or since." But I never thought he was in earnest about seeing his own funeral himself, till the next day he returns to it again.—" Thady, (says he) as far as the wake* goes, sure I might without any great trouble

* A wake in England is a meeting avowedly for merriment—in Ireland, it is a nocturnal meeting avowedly for the purpose of watching and bewail-

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trouble have the satisfaction of seeing a bit of my own funeral."—" Well, since your honor's honor's so bent upon it, (says I, not willing to cross him, and he in trouble) we must see what we can do."—So he fell into a sort of a sham disorder, which was easy done, as he kept his bed and no one to see him; and I got my shister, who was an old woman very handy about the sick, and very skilful, to come up to the Lodge to nurse him; and we gave out, she knowing no better, that he was just at his latter end, and it answered beyond any thing; and there was a great throng of people, men, women and childer, and there being only two rooms at the Lodge, except what was locked up full of Jason's furniture and things, the house was soon as full and fuller than it

 could

ing the dead; but in reality for gossipping and debauchery.

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could hold, and the heat, and smoke, and noise wonderful great; and standing amongst them that were near the bed, but not thinking at all of the dead, I was started by the sound of my master's voice from under the great coats that had been thrown all at top, and I went close up, no one noticing.—" Thady, (says he) I've had enough of this, I'm smothering, and I can't hear a word of all they're saying of the deceased."—" God bless you, and lie still quiet (says I) a bit longer, for my shister's afraid of ghosts, and would die on the spot with the fright, was she to see you come to life all on a sudden this way without the least preparation."—So he lays him still, though well nigh stifled, and I made all haste to tell the secret of the joke, whispering to one and t'other, and there was a great surprise, but not so great as we had laid out it would.—

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" And aren't we to have the pipes and tobacco, after coming so far to-night," says some; but they were all well enough pleased when his honor got up to drink with them, and sent for more spirits from a shebean-house*, where they very civilly let him have it upon credit—so the night passed off very merrily, but to my mind Sir Condy was rather upon the sad order in the midst of it all, not finding there had been such a great talk about himself after his death as he had always expected to hear.

The next morning when the house was cleared of them, and none but my shister and myself left in the kitchen with Sir Condy, one opens the door and walks in, and who should it be but Judy M'Quirk herself.

* *Shebean-house*, a hedge alehouse.—Shebean properly means weak small-bear, taplash.

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herself.—I forgot to notice that she had been married long since, whilst young Captain Moneygawl lived at the Lodge, to the Captain's huntsman, who after a while listed and left her, and was killed in the wars. Poor Judy fell off greatly in her good looks after her being married a year or two, and being smoke-dried in the cabin and neglecting herself like, it was hard for Sir Condy himself to know her again till she spoke; but when she says, " It's Judy M'Quirk, please your honor, don't you remember her?"—" Oh, Judy, is it you? (says his honor)—yes, sure I remember you very well—but you're greatly altered, Judy."—" Sure it's time for me, (says she) and I think your honor since I *seen* you last, but that's a great while ago, is altered too."—" And with reason, Judy, (says Sir Condy, fetching

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ing a sort of sigh)—but how's this, Judy, (he goes on) I take it a little amiss of you that you were not at my wake last night?" "Ah, don't be being jealous of that, (says she) I did'nt hear a sentence of your honor's wake till it was all over, or it would have gone hard with me but I would have been at it sure—but I was forced to go ten miles up the country three days ago to a wedding of a relation of my own's, and didn't get home till after the wake was over; but (says she) it won't be so, I hope, the next time*, please your honor."—"That we shall see, Judy, (says his honor) and may be sooner

* At the coronation of one of our monarchs, the king complained of the confusion which happened in the proceffion—The great officer who presided told his majesty, "That it should not be so next time."

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sooner than you think for, for I've been very unwell this while past, and don't reckon any way I'm long for this world." At this Judy takes up the corner of her apron, and puts it first to one eye and then to t'other, being to all appearance in great trouble; and my shister put in her word, and bid his honor have a good heart, for she was sure it was only the gout that Sir Patrick used to have flying about him, and that he ought to drink a glass or a bottle extraordinary to keep it out of his stomach, and he promised to take her advice, and sent out for more spirits immediately; and Judy made a sign to me, and I went over to the door to her, and she said—" I wonder to see Sir Condy so low!—Has he heard the news?" " What news?" says I.—" Did'nt ye hear it, then? (says she) my lady Rack-

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rent that was is kilt and lying for dead, and I don't doubt but it's all over with her by this time."—" Mercy on us all, (says I) how was it?"—" The jaunting car, it was that that ran away with her, (says Judy).—I was coming home that same time from Biddy M'Guggin's marriage, and a great crowd of people too upon the road coming from the fair of Crookaghnawatur, and I sees a jaunting car standing in the middle of the road, and with the two wheels off and all tattered.—What's this? says I."—" Did'nt ye hear of it? (says they that were looking on) it's my lady Rackrent's car that was running away from her husband, and the horse took fright at a carrion that lay across the road, and so ran away with the jaunting car, and my lady Rackrent and her maid screaming, and the horse ran with them against a

car

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car that was coming from the fair, with the boy asleep on it, and the lady's petticoat hanging out of the jaunting car caught, and she was dragged I can't tell you how far upon the road, and it all broken up with the stones just going to be pounded, and one of the road makers with his sledge hammer in his hand stops the horse at the last; but my lady Rackrent was all kilt * and smashed, and they lifted

Kilt and smashed—Our author is not here guilty of an anticlimax.—The mere English reader, from a similarity of sound between the words *kilt* and *killed*, might be induced to suppose that their meanings are similar, yet they are not by any means in Ireland synonymous terms. Thus you may hear a man exclaim—" I'm kilt and murdered!"—but he frequently means only that he has received a black eye, or a slight contusion.—*I'm kilt all over*—means that he is in a worse state than being simply

kil

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lifted her into a cabin hard by, and the maid was found after, where she had been thrown, in the gripe of the ditch, her cap and bonnet all full of bog water—and they say my lady can't live any way. Thady, pray now is it true what I'm told for ſartain that Sir Condy has made over all to your son Jason?"—"All," says I.—"All entirely," says she again.—"All entirely," says I.—"Then (says she) that's a great shame, but don't be telling Jason what I say."—"And what is it you say? (cries Sir Condy, leaning over betwixt us, which made Judy start greatly)—I know the time when Judy M'Quirk would never have stayed so long talking at the door, and I in the house." "Oh, (says Judy) for shame, Sir Condy,

times

kilt—Thus—*I'm kilt with the cold*—is nothing to—*I'm kilt all over with the rheumatiſm.*

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times are altered since then, and it's my lady Rackrent you ought to be thinking of."—" And why should I be thinking of her, that's not thinking of me now?" says Sir Condy.—" No matter for that, (says Judy, very properly) it's time you should be thinking of her if ever you mean to do it at all, for don't you know she's lying for death?"—" My lady Rackrent! (says Sir Condy in a surprise) why it's but two days since we parted, as you very well know, Thady, in her full health and spirits, and she and her maid along with her going to Mount Juliet's town on her jaunting car."—" She'll never ride no more on her jaunting car, (said Judy) for it has been the death of her sure enough."—" And is she dead then?" says his honor.—" As good as dead, I hear, (says Judy) but there's Thady here has just

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just learnt the whole truth of the story as I had it, and it is fitter he or any body else should be telling it you than I, Sir Condy—I must be going home to the childer."—But he stops her, but rather from civility in him, as I could see very plainly, than any thing else, for Judy was, as his honor remarked, at her first coming in, greatly changed, and little likely, as far as I could see—though she did not seem to be clear of it herself—little likely to be my lady Rackrent now, should there be a second toss-up to be made.—But I told him the whole story out of the face, just as Judy had told it to me, and he sent off a messenger with his compliments to Mount Juliet's town that evening to learn the truth of the report, and Judy bid the boy that was going call in at Tim M'Enerney's shop in O'Shaugh-

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lin's town and buy her a new shawl.—"Do so, (says Sir Condy) and tell Tim to take no money from you, for I must pay him for the shawl myself."—At this my shister throws me over a look, and I says nothing, but turned the tobacco in my mouth, whilst Judy began making a many words about it, and saying how she could not be beholden for shawls by any gentleman. I left her there to consult with my shister, did she think there was any thing in it, and my shister thought I was blind to be asking her the question, and I thought my shister must see more into it than I did, and recollecting all past times and every thing, I changed my mind, and came over to her way of thinking, and we settled it that Judy was very like to be my lady Rackrent after all, if a vacancy should have happened.

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The next day, before his honor was up, somebody comes with a double knock at the door, and I was greatly surprised to see it was my son Jason.—" Jason, is it you? (says I) what brings you to the Lodge? (says I) is it my lady Rackrent? we know that already since yesterday." " May be so, (says he) but I must see Sir Condy about it."—" You can't see him yet, (says I) sure he is not awake." " What then, (says he) can't he be wakened? and I standing at the door."—" I'll not be disturbing his honor for you, Jason (says I); many's the hour you've waited in your time, and been proud to do it, till his honor was at leisure to speak to you.—His honor," says I, raising my voice—at which his honor wakens of his own accord, and calls to me from the room to know who it was I was speaking

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to. Jason made no more ceremony, but follows me into the room.—" How are you, Sir Condy, (says he) I'm happy to see you looking so well; I came up to know how you did to-day, and to see did you want for any thing at the Lodge."—" Nothing at all, Mr. Jason, I thank you, (says he, for his honor had his own share of pride, and did not chuse, after all that had passed, to be beholden, I suppose, to my son)—but pray take a chair and be seated, Mr. Jason."—Jason sat him down upon the chest, for chair there was none, and after he had sat there some time, and a silence on all sides—" What news is there stirring in the country, Mr. Jason M'Quirk?" says Sir Condy, very easy, yet high like.—" None that's news to you, Sir Condy, I hear (says Jason) I am sorry to hear of my lady Rackrent's accident."

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accident."—" I am much obliged to you, and so is her ladyship, I'm sure," answers Sir Condy, still stiff; and there was another sort of a silence, which seemed to lie the heaviest on my son Jason.

" Sir Condy, (says he at last, seeing Sir Condy disposing himself to go to sleep again) Sir Condy, I dare say you recollect mentioning to me the little memorandum you gave to lady Rackrent about the £. 500 a year jointure."—" Very true, (said Sir Condy) it is all in my recollection."—" But if my lady Rackrent dies there's an end of all jointure," says Jason. " Of course," says Sir Condy.—" But it's not a matter of certainty that my lady Rackrent won't recover," says Jason.—" Very true, Sir," says my master.—" It's a fair speculation then, for you to consider what the chance of the jointure

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on those lands when out of custodiam will be to you."—" Just five hundred a year, I take it, without any speculation at all," said Sir Condy.—" That's supposing the life dropt and the custodiam off, you know, begging your pardon, Sir Condy, who understand business, that is a wrong calculation."—" Very likely so, (said Sir Condy) but Mr. Jason, if you have any thing to say to me this morning about it, I'd be obliged to you to say it, for I had an indifferent night's rest last night, and wouldn't be sorry to sleep a little this morning."—" I have only three words to say, and those more of consequence to you, Sir Condy, than me. You are a little cool, I observe, but I hope you will not be offended at what I have brought here in my pocket,"—and he pulls out two long rolls, and showers down golden guineas

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guineas upon the bed. " What's this? (said Sir Condy) it's long since"—but his pride stops him—" All these are your lawful property this minute, Sir Condy, if you please," said Jason.—" Not for nothing, I'm sure, (said Sir Condy, and laughs a little)—nothing for nothing, or I'm under a mistake with you, Jason."—" Oh, Sir Condy, we'll not be indulging ourselves in any unpleasant retrospects, (says Jason) it's my present intention to behave, as I'm sure you will, like a gentleman in this affair.—Here's two hundred guineas, and a third I mean to add, if you should think proper to make over to me all your right and title to those lands that you know of."—" I'll consider of it," said my master; and a great deal more, that I was tired listening to, was said by Jason, and all that, and the

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sight of the ready cash upon the bed worked with his honor; and the short and the long of it was, Sir Condy gathered up the golden guineas and tied up in a handkerchief, and signed some paper Jason brought with him as usual, and there was an end of the business; Jason took himself away, and my master turned himself round and fell asleep again.

I soon found what had put Jason in such a hurry to conclude this business. The little gossoon we had sent off the day before with my master's compliments to Mount Juliet's town, and to know how my lady did after her accident, was stopped early this morning, coming back with his answer through O'Shaughlin's town, at Castle Rackrent by my son Jason, and questioned of all he knew of my lady from the servants at Mount Juliet's town; and

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and the gossoon told him my lady Rackrent was not expected to live over night, so Jason thought it high time to be moving to the Lodge, to make his bargain with my master about the jointure afore it should be too late, and afore the little gossoon should reach us with the news. My master was greatly vexed, that is, I may say, as much as ever I seen him, when he found how he had been taken in; but it was some comfort to have the ready cash for immediate consumption in the house any way.

And when Judy came up that evening, and brought the childer to see his honor, he unties the handkerchief, and God bless him! whether it was little or much he had, 'twas all the same with him, he gives 'em all round guineas a-piece.—"Hold up your head, (says my sister to Judy,

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Judy, as Sir Condy was busy filling out a glass of punch for her eldest boy)—Hold up your head, Judy, for who knows but we may live to see you yet at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate."—"May be so, (says she) but not the way you are thinking of."—I did not rightly understand which way Judy was looking when she makes this speech, till a while after.—"Why Thady, you were telling me yesterday that Sir Condy had sold all entirely to Jason, and where then does all them guineas in the handkerchief come from?" "They are the purchase money of my lady's jointure," says I.—Judy looks a little bit puzzled at this.—"A penny for your thoughts, Judy, (says my shister)—hark, sure Sir Condy is drinking her health."—He was at the table in *the room*,

*room**, drinking with the exciseman and the gauger, who came up to see his honor, and we were standing over the fire in the kitchen.—" I don't much care is he drinking my health or not (says Judy), and it is not Sir Condy I'm thinking of, with all your jokes, whatever he is of me." " Sure you wouldn't refuse to be my lady Rackrent, Judy, if you had the offer?" says I.—" But if I could do better?" says she. " How better?" says I and my shister both at once.—" How better! (says she) why what signifies it to be my lady Rackrent and no Castle? sure what good is the car and no horse to draw it?"—" And where will ye get the horse, Judy," says I.—" Never you mind that, (says she)—may be it is your own son Jason might find that."—" Jason! (says I) don't be

* *The room*—the principal room in the house.

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be trusting to him, Judy. Sir Condy, as I have good reason to know, spoke well of you, when Jason spoke very indifferently of you, Judy."—"No matter (says Judy), it's often men speak the contrary just to what they think of us."—"And you the same way of them, no doubt, (answers I).—Nay don't be denying it, Judy, for I think the better of ye for it, and shouldn't be proud to call ye the daughter of a shister's son of mine, if I was to hear ye talk ungrateful, and any way disrespectful of his honor."—"What disrespect, (says she) to say I'd rather, if it was my luck, be the wife of another man?" "You'll have no luck, mind my words, Judy," says I; and all I remembered about my poor master's goodness in tossing up for her afore he married at all came across me, and I had a choaking in my throat

throat that hindered me to say more.—
" Better luck, any how, Thady, (says she) than to be like some folk, following the fortunes of them that have none left."
" Oh King of Glory! (says I) hear the pride and ungratitude of her, and he giving his last guineas but a minute ago to her childer, and she with the fine shawl on her he made her a present of but yesterday!"—" Oh troth, Judy, you're wrong now," says my shister, looking at the shawl.—" And was not he wrong yesterday then, (says she) to be telling me I was greatly altered, to affront me."—
" But Judy, (says I) what is it brings you here then at all in the mind you are in—is it to make Jason think the better of you?"—" Ill tell you no more of my secrets, Thady, (says she) nor would have told you this much, had I taken you for

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for such an unnatural fader as I find you are, not to wish your own son prefarred to another."—" Oh troth, *you* are wrong, now, Thady," says my shister.—Well, I was never so put to it in my life between these womens, and my son and my master, and all I felt and thought just now, I could not upon my conscience tell which was the wrong from the right.—So I said not a word more, but was only glad his honor had not the luck to hear all Judy had been saying of him, for I reckoned it would have gone nigh to break his heart; not that I was of opinion he cared for her as much as she and my shister fancied, but the ungratitude of the whole from Judy might not plase him, and he could never stand the notion of not being well spoken of or beloved like behind his back. Fortunately for all parties concerned,

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cerned, he was so much elevated at this time, there was no danger of his understanding any thing, even if it had reached his ears. There was a great horn at the Lodge, ever since my master and Captain Moneygawl was in together, that used to belong originally to the celebrated Sir Patrick, his ancestor, and his honor was fond often of telling the story that he larned from me when a child, how Sir Patrick drank the full of this horn without stopping, and this was what no other man afore or since conld without drawing breath.—Now Sir Condy challenged the gauger, who seemed to think little of the horn, to swallow the contents, and it filled to the brim, with punch; and the gauger said it was what he could not do for nothing, but he'd hold Sir Condy a hundred guineas he'd do it.—" Done, (says my master) I'll lay you a hundred golden

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golden guineas to a tester * you don't."—"Done," says the gauger, and done and done's enough between two gentlemen. The gauger was cast, and my master won the bet, and thought he'd won a hundred guineas, but by the wording it was adjudged to be only a tester that was his due, by the exciseman. It was all one to him, he was as well pleased, and I was glad to see him in such spirits again.

The gauger, bad luck to him! was the man that next proposed to my master to try himself could he take at a draught the contents of the great horn.—"Sir Patrick's horn! (said his honor) hand it to me—I'll hold you your own bet over again I'll swallow it."—"Done, (says the gauger)

* *Tester*—Sixpence—from the French word tete, a head. A piece of silver stamped with a head, which in old French was called, "un testion," and which was about the value of an old English sixpence.—Tester is used in Shakspeare.

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guer) I'll lay ye any thing at all you do no such thing."—" A hundred guineas to sixpence I do, (says he) bring me the handkerchief."—I was loth, knowing he meant the handkerchief with the gold in it, to bring it out in such company, and his honor not very well able to reckon it. " Bring me the handkerchief then, Thady," says he, and stamps with his foot; so with that I pulls it out of my great coat pocket, where I had put it for safety.—Oh, how it grieved me to see the guineas counting upon the table, and they the last my master had. Says Sir Condy to me—" Your hand is steadier than mine to-night, Old Thady, and that's a wonder; fill you the horn for me."—And so wishing his honor success, I did—but I filled it, little thinking of what would befall him.—He swallows it down, and drops

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like one shot.—We lifts him up, and he was speechless and quite black in the face. We put him to bed, and in a short time he wakened raving with a fever on his brain. He was shocking either to see or hear.—" Judy! Judy! have ye no touch of feeling? won't you stay to help us nurse him?" says I to her, and she putting on her shawl to go out of the house.—" I'm frighted to see him, (says she) and wouldn't, nor could'nt stay in it—and what use?—he can't last till the morning." With that she ran off.—There was none but my shister and myself left near him of all the many friends he had. The fever came and went, and came and went, and lasted five days, and the sixth he was sensible for a few minutes, and said to me, knowing me very well—" I'm in burning pain all within side of me, Thady,"

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Thady,"—I could not speak, but my shister asked him, would he have this thing or t'other to do him good?—" No, (says he) nothing will do me good no more"—and he gave a terrible screech with the torture he was in—then again a minute's ease—" brought to this by drink (says he)—where are all the friends?—where's Judy?—Gone, hey?—Aye, Sir Condy has been a fool all his days"—said he, and there was the last word he spoke, and died. He had but a very poor funeral, after all.

If you want to know any more, I'm not very well able to tell you; but my lady Rackrent did not die as was expected of her, but was only disfigured in the face ever after by the fall and bruises she got; and she and Jason, immediately after my poor master's death, set about

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going to law about that jointure; the memorandum not being on stamped paper, some say it is worth nothing, others again it may do; others say, Jason won't have the lands at any rate—many wishes it so—for my part, I'm tired wishing for any thing in this world, after all I've seen in it—but I'll say nothing; it would be a folly to be getting myself ill will in my old age. Jason did not marry, nor think of marrying Judy, as I propheſied, and I am not ſorry for it—who is?—As for all I have here set down from memory and hearsay of the family, there's nothing but truth in it from beginning to end, that you may depend upon, for where's the use of telling lies about the things which every body knows as well as I do?

The Editor could have readily made the

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the catastrophe of Sir Condy's history more dramatic and more pathetic, if he thought it allowable to varnish the plain round tale of faithful Thady. He lays it before the English reader as a specimen of manners and characters, which are perhaps unknown in England. Indeed the domestic habits of no nation in Europe were less known to the English than those of their sister country, till within these few years.

Mr. Young's picture of Ireland, in his tour through that country, was the first faithful portrait of its inhabitants. All the features in the foregoing sketch were taken from the life, and they are characteristic of that mixture of quickness, simplicity, cunning, carelessness, dissipation, disinterestedness, shrewdness and blunder, which in different forms, and with various

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various success, has been brought upon the stage or delineated in novels.

It is a problem of difficult solution to determine, whether an Union will hasten or retard the amelioration of this country. The few gentlemen of education who now reside in this country will resort to England: they are few, but they are in nothing inferior to men of the same rank in Great Britain. The best that can happen will be the introduction of British manufacturers in their places.

Did the Warwickshire militia, who were chiefly artisans, teach the Irish to drink beer, or did they learn from the Irish to drink whiskey?

ERRATUM. Page 162. *For* by—*read* to.

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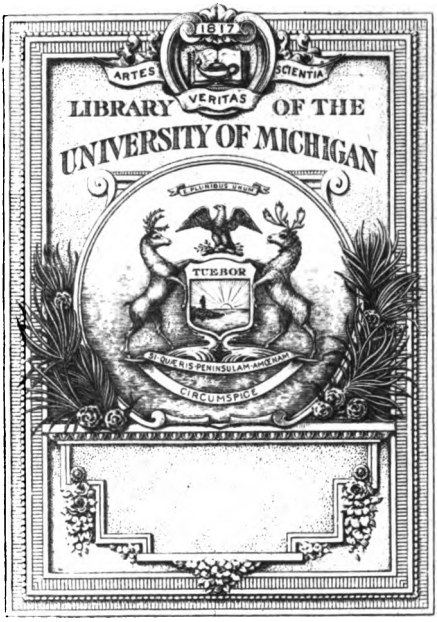

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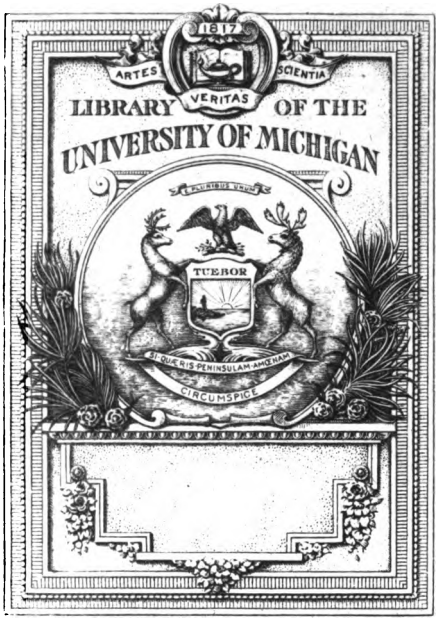

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